THE AMERICAN WEEKLY
Greatest Circulation in the World
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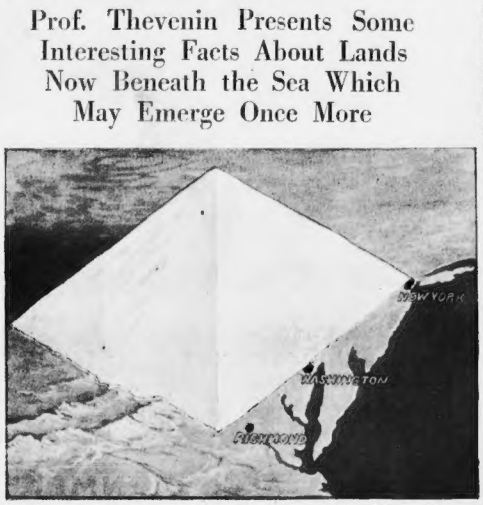
Sunday, Aug. 11, 1935

If The Sunken Continents Should Rise Again

Prof. Thevenin Presents Some Interesting Facts About Lands Now Beneath the Sea Which May Emerge Once More



If the Salt in the Ocean, Without Taking Into Account Other Minerals, Were Piled Up Into a Single Pyramid, This Would Be 300 Miles at the Base and 250 Miles in Height.

By PROFESSOR RENE THEVENIN,
The Distinguished French Scientist.
(Concluded from Last Sunday)

CHAPTER II.

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THAT soundings of oceans have proved the existence of vast sunken continents, which some day will quite probably rise from the depths again, was told in the preceding chapter.

Also it was explained that continents are drowned and resurrected in obedience to the push and pull of alternate periods of internal heat and expansion in which the whole world swells as if about to burst, but always followed by periods of, shrinking and cooling during which everything becomes peaceful and serene, giving animal and vegetable life a chance to adapt itself to conditions.

The interesting question arises—where do we stand today? Is Nature about to give man a "break"? No, according to the geological evidence, he has had his "break" and is now about to get a lively new deal. The signs indicate that ever since the ice ages, the world has been moving out of a quiet, shrinking era and getting ready to enter one of the hot, violent, expanding ones. Only the trained observer would take heed of the signs so far, and even trained observers dispute about them, but one sign which nobody could misunderstand would be the sudden, uproarious resurgence of the lost Gondwanaland.

The last time Nature started heaving up continents on a large scale was millions of years before man had been evolved. But he probably was present when the fringes of some of the continents sank and perhaps when some islands sank to originate the story of Atlantis.

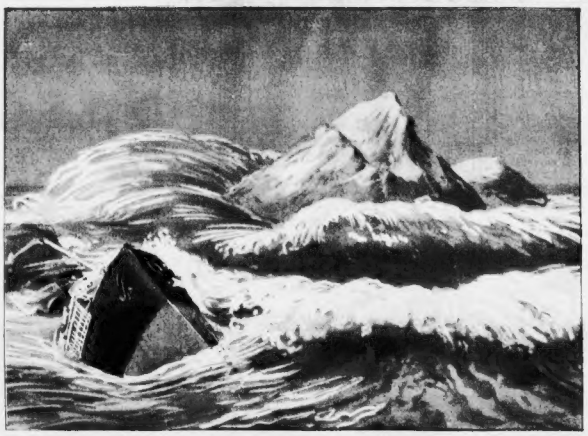
Atlantis went down in prehistoric times but the disaster was not so far in the past as to prevent echoes of it reaching historic times in the form of clearcut traditions which all seem to agree that it took three nights and days for the continent to sink into the sea, enough time for a considerable number of people to escape, some in boats and others over a narrow, crumbling causeway to the mainland.

There is no tradition of what happened when continents arose, unless the story of the flood, found in the Bible, and nearly all primitive folk-lore, records the rising of the waters which would accompany such an event, even on the smallest scale. If a little continent the size of the supposed Atlantis should arise with a rush, that is, at the speed with which Atlantis sank, the tidal waves that would go thundering over the globe would be bad enough, but in the case of a vast one, the cataclysm might well wipe out the human race.

Fortunately Nature is accustomed to do such big things in a slow way. If any of the sunken continents comes up slowly enough the displaced water will flow quietly around the world, filling up the other oceans and drowning out great areas of the other continents, but doing it so slowly that its victims will hardly complain. Little by little the rising waters will drive the survivors to the top of the mountains of the doomed lands.

In modern times one of these things happened suddenly, but on a very small scale. In 1883, not a continent but the small island of Krakatoa in the Sunda Islands, blew up in a volcanic explosion. It was only a speck on the map, but it sent tidal waves rolling over the Pacific and Indian Oceans as far as Java and Sumatra, drowning 50,000 people and leaving ships stranded in forests out of sight of the ocean.

If the explosion of an insignificant island wrought such havoc, one can easily see that should a full-sized continent jump up or down, the tidal waves would wash up the sides of even the highest and most remote mountain peaks. Should a sunken continent return to the sunlight, it would be due to internal heat pressure, in other words, volcanic forces. The continent may rise very slowly, like the finger on a boiler's steam gauge. But often the earth's crust resists, not yielding to the increasing pressure at all, until one day it lets go with a bang, like an exploding boiler.



Submarine Volcanic Eruptions Give Rise to Tidal Waves, Which Sometimes Flood Large Areas of Country.

It would not be necessary for a whole continent to be heaved up in order to cause general devastation. Any large-sized volcanic eruption at the bottom of the sea would give the human race a more awful experience than it can remember. From small scale happenings it is known just how submarine eruptions work.

When the burning gaseous mass shoots forth from the volcanic chimney, it raises with it the waters to a great height. But at the same time this water when lifted up hollows a deep depression around it. And the difference in level thus created continues to spread in circular waves, so that it is not at first an enormous wave which falls on a continent, but the sea which withdraws suddenly backward, rising to a height in the sky at which it was never seen before.

This condition may last a considerable time. After that the liquid mass breaks into foam, presenting the appearance of a wall of water of extraordinary height, which soon rolls over the shore, advancing farther inland in proportion to the flatness of the country, and finally breaks, drowning everything.

Such phenomena certainly occurred in earlier epochs, for they are necessary to explain many facts which would be incomprehensible if the world had gone through a slow and gradual transformation. We have already pointed out that one theory for the sudden disappearance of large animal races is the general annihilation of life on a vast territory, following a natural catastrophe greater than any of which we have any experience. We shall see presently that there are other reasons than contraction and dilation to explain the violence and suddenness of these great upheavals.

We must admit then that a whole great country and, perhaps, even a hemisphere, has in the past, and may again in the future, crumble away suddenly in a colossal explosion, which on one side of the globe replaces an entire ocean by a continent and produces the opposite effect on the other side of the globe. In the beginning of the history of this planet there was such an event. It appears proved today that the moon is only a part of the earth torn from its surface, leaving a vast depression which formed the mighty Pacific Ocean.

It is true that this tearing out of the moon occurred at a time when the earth was very little solidified. But that is not a reason why the same event may not occur again, if not with the same violence, at least on a very formidable scale. It must be remembered that the rocky crust surrounding the earth is of relatively very slight thickness. If we represent the globe by a sphere three feet in diameter, the exterior crust would only be about one-sixth of an inch thick. It can be understood then that it would rip and burst over a large part of its surface under the influence of a great internal dilation, much as a toy balloon when it is too strongly blown up.

Let us suppose that an accident of this kind happens. What will follow it? It is highly probable that nobody would remain alive to observe the destruction. Upon the part torn out by the explosion everything living would be destroyed in a deluge of fire. And the mass of water, lava and cinders which would be hurled upon the other hemisphere would destroy everything there. It is probable that events like this have happened on earth, in the past, several times.

But let us assume that the thing has happened far enough in the future so that Science has been able to foresee the general catastrophe and that a few people in a subterranean chamber have survived the fury of the elements and come out to survey the damage. It would be impossible to recognize the world from present maps.

The Seas in Drying Up Would Leave Behind in the Submarine Cavities Vast Masses of Marine Animals, Whose Putrefaction Would Endanger the Existence of All the Inhabitants in Neighboring Countries. It Would Tax Man's Ingenuity to Disinfect Them.

What would be the consequences if the earth's water were to blow away entirely? If we admit that water alone, that is to say hydrogen and oxygen, has gone up in vapor, there should remain on earth all the bodies which it held in suspension or in solution. And here some figures are necessary to adjust our ideas. If the oceans dried up suddenly, the mass of salt (chloride of sodium) which would be found deposited on the bottom would alone form a continent as large as the two Americas. Or, if you prefer to put it in another way, suppose that some cosmic giant, armed with a shovel proportionate to his size, put all this salt in a pile shaped like a pyramid, the latter would be 300 miles at the base and 250 miles high, thus forming the enormous mass shown in the illustration, which would reach from New York to Richmond, Virginia.

The size of the combined holes left by the vanished water is another thing too large for the mind to more than grasp feebly. If Nature stopped her practical joking at that point and left the empty ocean beds to fill up, it would take 40,000 years at the rate of normal rainfall, with the help of rivers and submarine springs but making no allowance for evaporation.

There is no evidence that the oceans ever all vanished at once but the thing has happened over fairly large areas of such size as the Black Sea or the Great Lakes.

The surface would fall very rapidly, but would leave time for the solid bodies contained in the sea to join together, or to be drawn towards the bottom. The fish and the other marine animals, for instance, would mass themselves together in the last pools of water in a gathering which would grow continually more dense. And here we are no longer dealing with hypothesis, but with simple reality.

Science believes that petroleum and other substances of the same general character are not mineral oils as was formerly supposed, but oils of organic origin; that is to say, arising from the decomposition of plant or animal bodies.

Now, in order that animals may be brought together in large enough masses to form liquid deposits of such great extent, it does not seem reasonable that they died a natural death separated by a normal distance from one another. A violent catastrophe must have made them die all together at the same spot. And they must have been water animals, for earthly species would not have had reason to mass themselves together, one pressed against the other at the same spot.

Perhaps this is evidence of the very rapid disappearance of large areas of sea.

If some of our smaller seas or great lakes should disappear that way today, it would be nice for posterity, a few millions of years in the future when the oil resulting from the drying up would be available. But to people of today the vast acreage of decaying fish would be a gigantic sanitary problem.

In a general cataclysm such as would accompany the upbursting of a great continent, it is quite likely that both man and fish would be exterminated along with all the sizable animals. Unless the whole earth is sterilized by heat, some forms of vegetable life will survive and some insects to live on them. Having no animal competition, the insect world would be free to grow in size and intelligence. The logical result, a few million years later, would be a brainy insect civilization, whose scientists, delving around in the ruins of human cities, would wonder at a creature that had its skeleton inside the flesh instead of outside, according to the insect scheme.

3-Dimension Art From Rags, Bones and Hanks of Hair

"The Rapture," a Quilted "Painting" by Alice Halicka, Showing the Conventional Sheik Doing What He Is Popularly Supposed to Do in Novels. The Picture Is Made of Rags and Scraps of Paper.

Below—"Between Races," a Reminiscence of the Nineties. Made of Lace, Buttons, Silk, Pearls and Hair.

Below—"In the Paddock," Another Relic of Bizarre Fashion. The "Ground" Is Made of Sandpaper.

Marble Paper, Glove Buttons, Silk Fringe, Tassels and White Wool Went Into This Picture, Called "Hawking."

PARIS.

THE French capital has worked itself into something of an artistic lather over the "paintings" of Alice Halicka, a Polish woman whose studio is cluttered with patches of cloth, buttons, bits of bone, wisps of hair, pieces of silk fringe and assorted odds and ends from the drygoods store. It is with such things that Miss Halicka "paints," to the great admiration of hundreds of people and to the outspoken indignation of artists and art critics who still believe that pictures should really be painted with pigments applied to canvas with brushes.

The photographs on this page show five of the Polish woman's three-dimensional studies which are causing such a furore. In the backgrounds there may be a dab or two of paint and an occasional outline done in charcoal or crayon, but the pictures themselves are composed of stuff which can be picked up in an afternoon's tour of the shopping district. When Miss Halicka wants to clothe a figure in a pair of silk trousers, she fashions the trousers of real silk of exactly the color and texture she has in mind. If she requires a button on a coat she does not pick up a brush and paint a representation of a button—she attaches a real one to her "canvas."

She is not always so literal in her work and very often she makes use of some fabric or material which looks like hair or feathers or flesh. But her effects are always striking if not artistic in the classical manner—and no one ever has to guess what she's attempting to portray.

In the picture at the extreme right of the page, which is titled "Hawking," the hides of the horses are made of that familiar "marble" paper that publishers sometimes use for the end papers of books. And in the "painting" of a couple about to set forth on a day's boating the water is made of celluloid tinted blue, the sand is a piece of sandpaper and the reeds along the shore are little bits of green silk fringe.

The creator of these strange pictures, which have been exhibited in London as well as in Paris, insists that she takes her work very seriously and denies the charge that she is a vaudevillian with no particular feeling for true art. "Hundreds of people like my pictures," she says. "Is that not proof enough of their artistic merit?"

PHOTOS BY FRANCIS C. DUBOST.

A Parisian Week-End of Another Era Is Here Pictured With the Aid of Sandpaper, Rags and Celluloid.

Unhappy Cruise of the Showboat

SEVERAL weeks ago a crowd of people gathered on a wharf in Southampton, England, to bid bon voyage to the crew of the good ship "Radiance," which was bravely setting out on a world-girdling voyage.

The "Radiance," a remodeled fishing schooner, was not much to look at and there were no celebrities aboard bound for exploration and adventure in far places. But the departure was an event for all that, because the British newspapers had informed the public that the "Radiance" was a seagoing showboat commanded by three entertainers—Nick Bird, his wife, whose stage name is Dora Hibbert, and Eddie Ready, a young chap with a good singing voice and a facile set of feet. Five other vaudevillians were going along.

This company set sail with high hopes. They would drop anchor in a score of ports in France and Spain and continue into the Mediterranean. In each port they would hire a hall, put on a variety show, and stay as long as business was good. They would make more than enough money to finance their trip, and in time touch every continent. Their itinerary included Egypt, India, China, Japan, Australia, South America and the United States.

With flags flying and sails set, the showboat headed out to sea, bound for the French coast. The happy company aboard the "Radiance" waved farewell to their friends, and thought they might be back, tanned, healthy and prosperous, in two or three years. But Fate had other plans for them, and in less than two hours after they had left port their craft was tossing on a storm-lashed sea.

Somehow sail was shortened and things were made fairly shipshape. The "Radiance," being an old fishing boat, was built for rough weather, and she kept on across the Channel, finally to drop anchor in the harbor at Boulogne, almost directly across the Channel from Southampton. No one aboard felt the least bit like singing or dancing.

Reports came back to England that the operators of the showboat were temporarily stalled in Boulogne, and that only one or two of the eight members of the crew were for going through with their original and ambitious plan. It seemed likely that the globe-spanning voyage was at an end.

KEYSTONE VIEW CO.

This Troupe of Variety Performers Figured on Saving Expenses by Traveling on Their Own Boat, But Came to Grief Near Boulogne, France, Where They Halted Their Projected Cruise Around the World.

Years Fail to Solve the Mystery of the "Beast Boy"

BUDAPEST.

UNCONFIRMED reports that a "wolf child" had been glimpsed running through the woods in a small village not far from the Hungarian capital has revived the story of Istok Hany, the strange little "beast boy" whose statue still stands in the gardens of a palace on the shores of Ferto Lake.

The "wolf child," which may be the figment of some peasant's overwrought imagination, is said to run on all fours and to snarl and growl instead of expressing itself in words.

The "beast boy," found by fishermen in the marshes of Lake Ferto in the Spring of 1749, was no hallucination. He actually lived and a life-size statue of him still stands on the well-kept grounds of the palace of Prince Esterhazy. The sculpture, made of wood and said to have been modeled from life, shows a creature about 10 years old, with shaggy hair, a long nose and an absurdly wide mouth. The figure is crouching, as though ready to spring, and holds a frog in one hand. Whatever the "beast boy" was, he must have been a curious freak of nature the like of which seldom has been seen since his time.

In the archives of Hungary are many yellowed records of the half-monster that the fishermen found swimming in the clear waters of the lake. These documents relate that the child was brought to the palace, struggling fiercely against capture. He was naked and could not speak. He croaked and would eat nothing but grass.

Several months after his capture, the "beast boy" tamed down enough so that he could be taken to church and christened. He was assigned a godfather and a godmother and given the name of Istok Hany. The nobles at the palace turned him over to a tutor in the hope that the strange lad could be civilized and taught the ways of cultured people. But the efforts of the teacher were not very successful. The boy never got used to wearing clothes, and whenever possible, stripped himself naked and ran to the shore of the lake where he could plunge in and swim happily, more like an overgrown frog than a human being. Several times attendants had to pursue him in boats to prevent his escaping to his beloved marshes.

The records relate that the servants at the palace took great delight in teasing the "beast boy" and that only one person actually won his affection—Julia, the daughter of the caretaker of the estate. When Julia married, the "beast boy" noticed that everyone at the palace brought her presents. He stole away to the lake and returned while the wedding banquet was in progress. With a grin on his broad mouth, he ran up to the bride and dumped a basket of frogs in her lap.

This gesture of affection was misunderstood and before the bride could stop them, two husky servants had laid hands on the "beast boy" and flogged him. After that the creature lost all faith in human nature and kept to himself although it is said that he was forced, against his will, to pose for the wooden statue of him that still stands in the palace grounds.

One day, when a party was being held at the palace, he managed to elude those assigned to keep an eye on him. He tore off his clothes and was well on his way to the shore before he was missed. Pursuers caught a fleeting glimpse of the "beast boy" swimming far offshore, but they couldn't find him. Three years later fishermen thought they saw him crawling through the reeds, but when they got to the spot they found only his footprints in the soft mud.

The "wolf child" which is supposed to be running wild in the forests near Budapest has been "seen" by half a dozen persons, but all attempts to capture it have failed.

Got Her Doll's House For a Tomb

LIKE many another little girl, Mary Lucile Barcelone, of Baton Rouge, Louisiana, wanted a big doll house with an upstairs and a downstairs and real doors and windows. More than anything else she craved a play home for her dolls where she could tuck them in bed and sit them down to a miniature dining room table. Her father promised her that she should have such a house, a bigger one than could be bought in the store.

Before Mr. Barcelone got around to making good his promise Mary Lucile fell sick. As the weeks went by she got sicker and weaker. She lost interest in most of the small concerns of her daily life—but she didn't forget about the doll house, even though the doctor explained to her parents that it would be a long time before she could stand on her feet even if his skill enabled him to restore her to health. Mary Lucile, he hinted, was a very sick little girl.

The day came when the child was too sick to think of anything except that she was very sleepy and that she was in pain. She forgot completely about the litle house with the toy furniture and the make-believe dishes. She didn't even know that her father and mother were anxiously watching her in her bed or that the doctor was trying in every way he knew to keep her from sinking into that deep, deep sleep from which no one ever wakes.

Mary Lucile, after three and a half short years of life, wearied of the struggle to live. The love of her father and mother and the wisdom of the doctor were not enough to keep her out of the clutch of Death.

The little girl died without her doll house. But the father has kept his promise. The playhouse, filled with her toys, was erected over her grave. It is one of the most unusual and dramatic tombstones to be found anywhere in the world.

The photographs shown here reveal how Mr. Barcelone kept his word. The structure cost a lot of money and was built to withstand the weather for many years. It will be kept in repair and the playthings that the little girl, buried beneath it, loved in life, will be kept there so long as the graveyard stands.

Since the doll-house gravestone was erected, thousands of people have visited the cemetery to gaze upon it, some of them to drop a tear for the tragedy that the monument bespeaks.

Above—The Front View of the Doll-House Tomb of Little Mary Lucile Barcelone, Who Died Before Her Parents Could Get Her a Miniature House to Play With.
Below—A Side View of the Tomb, at Baton Rouge, Louisiana.

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A Murder Mystery Only Sherlock Holmes Could Solve

Why Was the Severed Head of Wax Sunk Beside the Handless, Expertly Dismembered Body in the English Canal, and What Has the Killer Done With the Real Head and Those Hands That Would Betray Him?

LONDON, Aug. 2.

DREDGING up of a wax head out of Brentford Canal, near the spot where someone had sunk about a third of a human body, has given Scotland Yard its strangest murder case—a mystery that only Sherlock Holmes could solve.

Why did the murderer drop this wax head, similar to those in Madame Tussaud's waxworks, into a characteristic gunny sack, tie it up with peculiar knots, and toss it into the canal close to where he threw the handless body, done up in the same kind of sacking and tied with identical knots?

After dismembering, what did he do with the real head? Did he cover it with wax to disguise it and preserve it, and substitute it for one of the modeled heads in Madame Tussaud's famous museum? Is it in there now, resting on the dummy shoulders of one of the figures—a real horror far more shocking than any of the imitations in that famous chamber of horrors?

And where did he get the wax head?

What did he do with the hands and forearms, cut off at the elbows—and did he remove them from the body in that way because of tattoo marks that might serve as identification?

Apparently someone committed a perfect crime and then fearing it was so perfect that nobody would ever suspect it had been committed, deliberately left Scotland Yard a clue that could not be ignored. He seems to have wanted to see them hunt, as people have been known to set fires just to see the fire engines work.

The clue consisted of a pair of human feet and legs severed neatly at the knees, wrapped in brown paper and placed under the seat of a Southern Railway coach at its London terminal.

There being no fingerprints or other extra clues, the detectives made the obvious deductions which the person who left the package there must have expected them to make. They were confident that he had gotten on the train somewhere along its route, selecting an empty compartment, with the intention of throwing the parcel out of the window at some spot where he had reason to think it would not likely be found. But other passengers entering the compartment had defeated his scheme.

Not daring to carry the dreadful bundle through London's crowds, he had abandoned it under his seat.

That train covers a circular route through the Thames Valley suburbs, crossing at Brentford, the Grand Junction Canal. If the sleuths could look out of a window of that train and think as the murderer had thought, they might guess the place he had in mind, perhaps find the missing parts thrown there on previous trips and solve the murder.

Had they guessed right they would have found another clue, much as in those "treasure hunts" recently popular, but it would have only tantalized them by taking them a second step on a blind journey. However, there seemed to be many likely places and they guessed wrong.

Nevertheless, luck in the form of three small boys made the discovery for them. The youngsters, fishing in the canal, caught their hook in something on the muddy bottom. Pulling together on the line they were able to draw to the bank a very heavy sack. Opening it up in the hope of finding treasure, they beheld an unpleasant mass of flesh and bones which was turned over to the police.

It proved to be the headless torso of a man, with legs missing from the knees down and the arms from the elbow joints. Also certain of the vital organs had been removed, as if to prevent detection of how the man had been killed. The work had been performed, if not by a surgeon, by someone who knew human anatomy.

Scotland Yard then realized that it was having a new experience. Murders are committed for a variety of motives, love, money, vengeance, even for the "thrill" of seeing someone die. But once the crime has been perpetrated, the motives behind the disposal of the remains are invariably the same—to prevent the authorities from proving who did it. In the various dismembered body cases, such as this, the dismemberment is done partly for convenience in transportation but mostly to remove such portions as would make identification possible.

The most important part is the head. Anyone who knew the dead person would be likely to identify the face, and even after all the flesh is gone dentists can identify their work on teeth. Next to the head, the hands being constantly exposed are likely to be recognized. Feet are rarely exposed and, therefore, of negligible importance in identification unless, as often happens, the toes have been twisted into peculiar distortions. If the rest of the body bears neither scars, moles, tattoo marks nor other blemishes, it offers almost no hope of identification.

The skin of the body, quite as the detectives feared, bore no distinguishing marks. That the head and hands were missing was to be expected. The fact that the hands had been severed at the elbows, instead of at the wrists, suggested that the forearms had been tattooed. All this was the logical evidence of a well-planned murder, but what confounded the Scotland Yard men was these neatly-amputated legs.

The feet were as normal and indistinguishable as could be imagined. There had been plenty of room for them in the sack and by bending the knees there was no need of cutting them off. Why had the killer taken all that needless trouble and gone to the great risk of traveling around with a pair of legs in paper?

There have been idiotic murders but this showed every indication of a cool, intelligent and methodical mind. Of course the police dredged the canal with infinite thoroughness in the faint hope of finding other parts and as they dredged they wondered about those legs.

What was their surprise and relief to fish out in another part of the canal, a dreadful, but welcome object. It was the head of a man, wrapped in the same sort of sacking. The face was a ghastly blue through its covering of mud and the eyes were wide-open in a terrified stare. The police thankfully brought the head to a laboratory at the Central Office where a specialist, starting to remove the mud, stopped with a startled exclamation.

It was made of wax. A head cut from some wax model. At first the police thought that some idle spectator, who had been watching them dredge the canal and who had a perverted sense of humor, had thrown the head into the water as a "practical joke." But when they recalled that the peculiar knots with which the torso was tied up were identical to the knots in cord tied around the sack and the head, and that in each instance the sacking was the same and coated with resin, they were convinced that the murderer himself must have thrown the head into the canal.

But where did he get it? It was not the sort of head that is used on clothes models in department store displays, but the kind of head usually found in waxwork museums. Then one of the detectives remembered that a few years ago fire had swept through Madame Tussaud's waxworks, destroying many of the figures and damaging others so badly that they had to be discarded. Could it be possible that this playful murderer had salvaged that head at the time?

That is the kind of clue that Sherlock Holmes would have dearly loved, and it would have been all he needed to solve the mystery. But so far, it has not been of much use to Scotland Yard. They have not found anyone who can identify the dummy head, either as one that had passed through the fire at Madame Tussaud's or one that had been stolen intact from any museum.

Realizing that in this case they are searching for a most unusual type of murderer, Scotland Yard is now inclined to believe that he must be a person who was long obsessed with the idea of committing a "dismemberment" murder, and had made a thorough study of previous cases of this type.

The place to make such a study is Madame Tussaud's, where there is a collection of figures that represent some of England's frequent and celebrated "dismemberment" murderers, among others, Catherine Webster—whose museum dummy is shown in a photograph on this page. Many times, perhaps, the man Scotland Yard now wishes it could trap, must have gone to Madame Tussaud's and gazed affectionately at the model of Catherine.

Perhaps, as he roamed through the chamber of horrors, he worked out the details of his own "perfect" crime, and perhaps it was there that he got the idea of tantalizing the police with a dummy head. It is even possible that he might have stolen the head from the museum—although so far the police have not found any of the figures that look as if they had been tampered with. But if the murderer is as clever as he seems to be, and if waxworks held a great fascination for him, why couldn't he have made a study of this art, until he was able to disguise a real head with wax?

Pictures and works of art are occasionally stolen from museums—so why couldn't a dummy head be stolen, and a real head, covered with wax and made to look like a dummy, be left in its place? If Sherlock Holmes were working on this case, that is the angle he would be most likely to follow. He would reason that after the murderer had severed the victim's head, he shaved it, sealed it in wax, modeled features to resemble some dummy in the museum, and completed his task by adding false hair and perhaps whiskers. Then, taking his parcel to the museum, he waited until no guard was looking, and quickly made the substitution.

While all of this may seem so fantastic that if it were put into a story by a fiction writer, no one would believe it, Scotland Yard has been giving it serious consideration for Scotland Yard knows it is searching for a man who would attempt anything.

Scotland Yard believes that the murderer threw the wax head in as part of the game he is playing, a clueless hoax of a most difficult sort. It also believes that the legs were removed and placed in the coach in order to set the organization on the trail, that he might enjoy the thrill of seeing them baffled. With this in mind they had the eminent anatomist, Sir Bernard Spilsbury, ascertain if the murderer had "spoofed" them again, with a pair of legs that did not belong to the body.

This brought another strange detail to light. In the amputation, a thin strip of skin about a quarter of an inch wide had been removed entirely, making it impossible to match the two edges. Yet the upper and lower bones and the halves of the joints seemed to be the corresponding size, the skin texture was the same and over the upper and lower legs was a liberal spattering of the same sort of freckles. Sir Bernard is convinced that the legs belong, but a tricky criminal lawyer will probably make him unhappy if he tries to prove it in court.

Adhering to the chest of the body were found three blond hairs so long that they evidently belonged to a woman. Are these a real clue, that would lead the detectives to the killer if they had sufficient imagination to grasp their significance, or were they deliberately placed there by the murderous joker to make the sleuths worry and wonder? If so they served his purpose.

At the present moment Scotland Yard admits that it has nothing to work on, and therefore it stands as a perfect crime. But will the murderer be content to know that the bloodhounds have been called off the trail or will he stir them up with a new clue, perhaps letting them find a hand that seems to be one of the missing ones?

The perpetrators of the most startling of these crimes have been given a sort of dreadful immortality in Madame Tussaud's waxworks. One of the most stared at in this "Hall of Shame" is the grim face of Catherine Webster. London was mystified in the late seventies by the discovery along the shores of the Thames of boxes and parcels containing parts of the body of an elderly lady. At the same time a lady who lived in a small house at Richmond Hill within a stone's throw of the then famous Star and Garter Hotel, had vanished. Her servant, Kate Webster, could give no satisfactory account of her disappearance. Little boys who had been employed by her to help carry boxes and parcels, spoke to the police, and the usual search of the various rooms of the house gave no clue.

But one of the police had taken his son, a small boy, along with him. He had run into the laundry and with childish curiosity asked his father "What's in here?" pointing to the copper tub, with its lid on.

The father lifted the heavy wooden lid and started back. There, in a mass of jelly, floated the head with staring eyes, of the missing Mrs. Thomas, owner of the cottage.

Webster made no attempt to deny attempting to dispose of the body, but sought to establish that her mistress had fallen downstairs and that she had become frightened. As the wounds found on the head did not bear out this story the jury found her guilty of murder. She was hanged.

Catherine Webster, Murderess—Wax Figure in the Tussaud Museum, Showing the Realistic Treatment.

Odd Group of Realistic Wax Figures Saved From Mme. Tussaud's Famous Museum After It Had Burned, and It Is Suggested That the Wax Head Found in the Canal May Have Come From This Collection.

English Police Dragging the Canal at the Spot Where the Dismembered Body Was Found, and Later the Wax Head.

Into a Bag of the Same Kind of Sacking That He Had Used to Cover His Victim's Torso, the Slayer Slipped the Realistic Wax Head and Sunk It in the Stream Close to the Other Evidence of His Crime, Seemingly Deliberately for the Police to Find.

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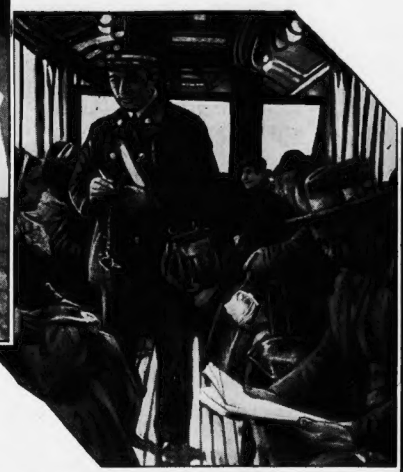
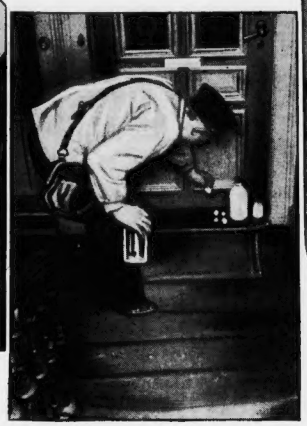
A City Where Everybody Is Habitually Honest

A Wandering Photographer Who Set Out for Snapshots to Prove the Habitual Honesty of Copenhagen Residents, Found This Newsstand Filling Up Coins While Its Owner Was Enjoying Lunch.



The Woman on the Trolley Has Forgotten Her Purse. The Conductor, Knowing Her to Be Honest, Gives Her a Credit Ticket, Certain That She Will Make It a Point to Pay the Company for Her Fare.

Below—It is the Habit of Customers to Leave Money on Their Doorsteps for Their Daily Supply of Milk—and Nobody But the Milkman Ever Touches It.



GUZZAWOOD & UNDERWOOD PHOTOS

If an Autoist Collides With Another Vehicle When the Owner Is Not Around, He Leaves His Telephone Number So He Can Pay the Damages, as Happened When This Bicycle Was Wrecked.

DIOGENES, the old man of the legend who went around with a lantern looking for an honest man, would have no problem at all if he were alive today. In an hour's stroll about the streets of Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark, he could meet thousands of his fellow men in whom the virtue of honesty is as inherent as their blond hair and blue eyes.

Aliens visiting Copenhagen marvel at the many evidences they see of the trust that the Danes place in one another. For example, the newsdealers of the city leave their sidewalk stands any time they want to and the customers pick up their papers and magazines and drop the money in a hat or a box. They make their own change and never think of stealing a paper or helping themselves to the unguarded coins.

Householders have a habit of leaving the money for the milkman outside their doors with the empty bottles. No one, except the milkman, is tempted to put the money in his pocket.

On the city's street cars and buses, no passenger ever is put off because he has left his pocketbook at home. The conductor smiles and gives the rider a slip saying that the price of one ride is due. Ninety-nine out of a hundred of these bills are paid within 24 hours.

Denmark is notoriously a country of cyclists. In Copenhagen there are thousands of the two-wheeled vehicles. No one ever worries about having his bicycle stolen. He parks it against the curb, against a store, or in a vacant lot, secure in the knowledge that it will be there when he goes back.

The photograph at the extreme right of the page shows a bicycle that came to grief on one of Copenhagen's side streets. A motorist misjudged the distance between his car and the bicycle and wrecked the front wheel. The motorist stopped, looked around for the owner of the bicycle and, not finding him, fastened a card to the handle bars which read: "Ring up Central 2165." That was his way of saying that he was ready to pay for the damage.

This city where honesty is a habit is one of the most prosperous in the world. The same thing is true of the cities of Norway and Sweden.

Her Daughters All Beauties—

HOLLYWOOD is world-famous as the City of Make Believe. On its stages the whirring cameras record, for millions of movie fans, a never-ending stream of romances-in-celluloid. But not all the love affairs in the cinema capital are "phony," and anyone who doesn't believe this, can take a look at the remarkable record of the Anderson family, shown in the photograph at the right.

It was about three years ago that Mrs. Freda Anderson, a widow, stepped off the train in Hollywood surrounded by a trio of lovely daughters. The family hailed from Nashville, Tennessee, and, as might be supposed, the girls had their hearts set on making names for themselves in pictures. That is still their ambition and one of them—the girl at the extreme right—seems to be on her way to a film career under the name of Lona Andre.

Right now Hollywood is talking about the Andersons, mother and daughters, because each of the girls recently eloped and their mother has announced that she is going to follow them to the altar.

The first to succumb to Cupid's darts was Margarette, the young woman in the center, looking at the camera over her mother's head. She did not, as might be supposed, fall for some actor or director, but suddenly found herself head over heels in love with a handsome young captain in the fire department. The decision to marry him came very suddenly, so suddenly in fact that there didn't seem to be time enough to follow the usual procedure and talk matters over with the families involved. So Margarette ran away to Santa Barbara with the man of her choice and told her mother and her sisters all about it—after the ceremony was over. The newlyweds came in for a little straight-from-the-shoulder talk, of course, but they promptly received the widow's blessing.

The Andersons were aware, at the time Margarette was married, that Lona was seeing a great deal of Ed Norris, a film actor, but they thought it would be some time before Lona, who is greatly concerned about a movie career, went to the altar with Mr. Norris, or anyone else.

Inspired, perhaps, by the example of her sister, Lona ran away with her fiance and said her vows in Santa Barbara. She explained later that she had no use for all the fuss and feathers that mark the usual formal wedding and thought it best to do the job quickly and quietly. Again there was a family conclave—and, again, the parental blessing was given with no reservations.

A few days after Lona became Mrs. Norris, Betty Ann kissed her mother goodbye and said that she would be home soon. The widow didn't imagine that Betty Ann was following in the footsteps of her two romantic and attractive sisters, but that's exacly what she was doing. Just to be different Betty Ann did not do her marrying in Santa Barbara. She went to Agua Caliente. So did a young man named Dr. Al Goodman, and when they arrived back in Hollywood they were man and wife.

Mrs. Anderson, used to elopements by this time, took this last marriage with surprising aplomb. She kissed the bride and the bridegroom and smilingly remarked that it probably was her distinction to be the mother of the "elopingest" family in America. She even turned philosopher and allowed that the serious business of marriage is a personal affair between the principals and that they have a perfect right to do their marrying in whatever way seems best to them—and then, just to be different from her charming daughters, she announced that Cupid had not passed her by in his attacks on her menage and that she would soon return to Nashville to make her second trip to the altar.

The mother of three of the most charming young women who ever sought fame and fortune in the movies would like it understood, however, that she does not think every girl in love should follow the example or her own adventurous offspring.

WIDE WORLD PHOTO

Mrs. Freda Anderson, of Hollywood, With Her Three Daughters, All Acknowledged Beauties. Each of Them Has Eloped—And Now the Mother Is Going to Get Married. She Is a Widow.

—And They All Eloped

ACME PHOTO

Little Verile Ann Kearns, of San Pedro, California, Who at First Alarmed Her Parents by Playing With Snakes. She Plays With Them Regularly Now Without Any Apparent Danger and Prefers Them to Dolls.

Snakes Pets of Little Girl

MOST little girls run screaming to their mothers when they see a snake, but not Verile Kearns, of San Pedro, California. She's only four years old but she thinks snakes are the cutest things and, since her third birthday, she's made quite a collection of non-poisonous reptiles, some of which are shown with their youthful owner in the photograph at the left.

Verile can't explain her liking for snakes. She does know that the first time she saw one of the creatures she wanted to play with it and cried when it wriggled out of her reach. Her father and mother tried to discourage this seemingly natural interest in reptiles but when they were assured that most snakes are harmless they let the child have her way.

When she grows up, little Miss Kearns says, she wants a well-stocked snake pit of her own with some real big ones like the reptiles she has seen in her visits to the zoo. Her playmates do not share this ambition and they look on in amazement and admiration while Verile lets her beady-eyed pets coil themselves about her neck and around her arms.

The snakes seem to enjoy the California girl's company as much as she enjoys theirs and they never exhibit the least nervousness in her hands. "I guess," says Verile, "that they like me the same way cats and dogs like some of my friends. And I like them. I'd much rather play with my snakes than with dolls."

What an Ancient Mummy Looks Like to the X-Ray

EGYPTIAN mummies are valuable relics. Every museum that can afford to buy one for its collection does so and handles the case and its contents with the greatest of care. Within recent years almost every mummy that has come out of the sands of Egypt has been subjected to the revealing eye of the X-ray camera, which makes it possible to find out, even without removing the heavy wooden cover, whether the long-dead occupant of the coffin was a man or a woman, and whether pieces of jewelry and other interesting objects were buried with the departed.

The picture at the right shows Mr. T. Sheppard, director of the Museum at Hull, England, with an X-ray photograph of a mummy recently acquired by his institution. The inscriptions on the beautifully carved outer case and the hieroglyphics etched on the inner case revealed only that the mummy was that of a woman who died about 2500 years ago. No further information could be had without unwrapping the mummy—or subjecting it to the invisible X-rays.

As the photograph shows, five separate "shots" were made with the X-ray camera. Then the five prints were developed and put together. They give a clear picture of the skeleton. Mr. Sheppard and his colleagues know, by studying the X-ray pictures, that no relics of any kind were buried with the citizen of Egypt who lived back in the days of the Pharaohs. Any treasures, such as necklaces, bracelets or rings, would have resisted the penetrating X-rays and would have photographed black in the finished pictures.

It is also reasonable to suppose that the occupant of the mummy case died a natural death, because the skeleton is normal in every respect and shows no indications of disease or injury. During the past decade the X-ray pictures of several mummies have revealed that they came to violent ends because there were broken bones which were concealed by yards of wrappings.

©KEYSTONE VIEW CO. PHOTO.

T. Sheppard, the Director of the Museum of Hull, England, Showing X-Ray Photographs of the Mummy, Which, When Placed Together, Provide a Life-Size Portrait of Its Skeleton.

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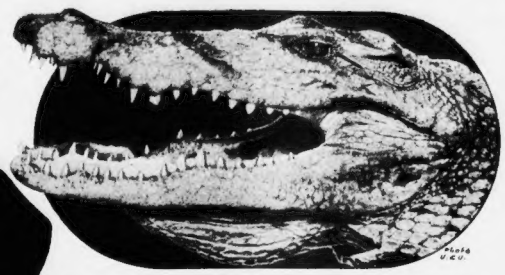
Curious Facts About When, Where And How You Perspire

Science Charts the Surface of the Human Body and Locates the Various Sweat Factories, Some of Which Throw Out Moisture for Cooling, While Others Work Only When There Is Mental Effort



The Crocodile Has No Sweat Glands, but If Cornered on Land Will Break Into a Frothy Sweat Around Its Jaws, Which Causes Death.

The Dog Has No Sweat Glands in Its Skin, but Cools Itself by Panting and Bringing the Air in Contact With Its Dripping Tongue and Mouth.

The Elephant Cools Itself by Washing and Waving Its Immense Ears, Which Are Filled With Thousands of Tiny Blood Vessels.

DR. YAS KUNO, Japanese professor at the Manchuria Medical College, contrived some bottles so tiny that he could stick their necks into the mouths of human sweat glands. Watching them through a magnifying glass, he discovered that the mechanism of perspiration is not at all what everyone had supposed.

For one thing, perspiration does not ooze out of the pores—it is pumped out in a series of squirts. Therefore, to the eye of a flea or other very small insect crawling over the skin of a perspiring person, the appearance would not be a field of gently overflowing springs, but more like a clam flat at low tide, where the clams greet the walker with little jets of salt water.

The average person has about 2,000,000 of these squirt guns but the number varies enormously and some individuals appear to have none at all. These non-perspirers, nevertheless, get along well enough by shunning heavy exercise and warm climates. One might guess that the most profuse sweater on a hot day would be coolest, but he is not.

The 2,000,000 muscles that squeeze the little syringes, generate heat that is estimated to be one-thirteenth of the cooling effect they achieve, even at their highest efficiency. Since the cooling depends entirely on evaporation, if the glands produce faster than the sweat evaporates, the excess moisture is entirely wasted. Some cases have been known to pump out 30 times as much as could be evaporated. These unfortunates are actually made hotter by the furious overactivity of their sweat glands and would be cooler if they would all go on strike.

Two million pumpers is a big organization. As a matter of fact there are two organizations, with two separate bosses in the brain. These two chiefs are more independent of each other than are the chiefs of the police and fire departments in a city. They sometimes work at the same time but they rarely cooperate. This results in two different kinds of perspiration or sweat. There is thermal sweat, the familiar kind, designed to cool the body on hot days or during violent exercise, but there is also mental sweat which has nothing to do with temperature and which appears only on the palms of the hands, the soles of the feet and under the armpits and only when the individual is angry, frightened or wrestling with some mental problem.

The sweat chiefs in the brain pay small attention to reports from their gun crews or the nerves in the vicinity. If the gangster applies a hot iron to the feet of a victim, the thermal center in the brain won't turn on the pumps because of the reports of pain and heat reaching the brain, but the mental sweat chief will do so in the areas he controls because the victim is frightened and worrying about what to do.

Wash your hands in hot water and neither sort of sweat gland responds. Heat one whole leg for a considerable time and the thermal chief in the brain will take enough notice to make both legs perspire a little. The thermal chief pays very little attention to reports from skin nerves that they are hot or cold. He sits "dozing at his desk" until the temperature of the blood that circulates around him rises. Then he wakes up and sends orders to man a million or so pumps.

It is right that the heat chief should ignore howls from minorities. If he did otherwise, every time Mother washed the dishes she would be wringing wet with perspiration and probably catch cold.

Sometimes, however, this policy leads the heat control centre into serious blunders. For instance, a person on a hot day swallows a cold drink to help cool himself. But the usual thing that happens when anyone tries to tinker with a bureaucrat's system, follows:

The cold liquid in the stomach cools some of the blood stream just passing through the brain, and just for that the chief orders the pumping stopped, causing the body soon to be hotter than ever, possibly in danger of heatstroke. Also, it causes cramps in swimmers because the heat chief, who seems to think nothing but temperature matters, cannot see any reason for perspiration when a person is in cold water. Again, he makes a lot of trouble for runners and other violent exercisers because he refuses to turn on the sweat until the exerciser has already heated himself up.

However, there is considerable efficiency in the cooling system. The sweat glands for cooling purposes are placed where they will do most good and least harm. Everyone has noticed how perspiration collects on the forehead, neck and much of the head which are just the places most exposed to the wind when running and in most exercises. Where the ventilation is poorest, such as under the arms, the soles of the feet and the palms of the hands they are scarcest.

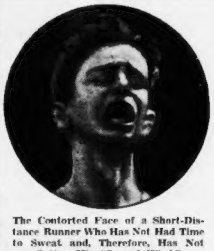
On a hot night while much of the rest of the brain is asleep the thermal boss stays awake and does what seems a competent job. The pumps on the upper half of the sleeper's body, where there is a good chance for evaporation, work busily. At the same time the glands on the underside, where perspiration would do little good and merely soak the mattress, are ordered to go easy. When the sleeper rolls over the orders are reversed. This thermal control is evidently twin-ed, one handling each side of the body, as shown by the fact that sometimes sweat will come out on one exact half of the body before it starts on the other.

Thermal sweat is not only tardy in starting but is slow in getting up to its peak of production, whereas the mental kind comes on full force, almost as suddenly as when someone turns on the lawn sprinkler. The famous "cold sweat" of terror should be in this category but the description does not fit the facts very closely. The person who thinks he sees a ghost will pour out mental sweat and if he is not exercising and the surrounding air is chilly it would feel cold. However, since it comes only from the limited areas of armpits, soles of the feet and palms of the hands, a person could hardly be "drenched in it," even if "scared out of a year's growth."

This recently-discovered variety of body-moistening is part of the emergency defense mechanism of the body, along with pouring into the blood an excess of sugar, as fuel for the muscles and adrenalin to boost the circulation. The general purpose is, of course, to put the threatened individual at his highest efficiency for getting out of the predicament as best he can.

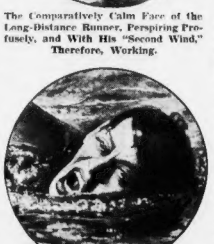
A boxer rubs his feet in rosin before the fight, a trapeze performer does the same with his hands, a laborer sometimes spits on them for the same purpose, to prevent his grip slipping. The caveman, reaching for his club or jumping for a high limb to get out of the reach of a cave bear, had no time for the moistening ceremony. Terror did that for him, moistening his palms with mental sweat. At the same time it moistened the soles of his bare feet, so he would not slip in a foot-race to the water with a sabre-toothed tiger. It is not so easy to understand what help the under-arm perspiration ever was to modern or ancient man, fighting or fleeing for his life.

Terror, Fear or Apprehension Does Bring Out the Sweat, but Not Upon the Forehead—A Condition Inaccurately Portrayed by This Cartoonist in the Perspiration He Has Given the Timid Head Bookkeeper When the Office Boy Says, "The boss wants to speak to you in his private office immediately."



The Contorted Face of a Short-Distance Runner Who Has Not Had Time to Sweat and, Therefore, Has Not Gotten His "Second Wind."

The Comparatively Calm Face of the Long-Distance Runner, Perspiring Profusely, and With His "Second Wind," Therefore, Working.



Because of the Retarding Influence and Temperature of Water, It Takes the Swimmer Much Longer to Get "Second Wind" Than the Runner.

There Seems to Be a Separate Perspiration Control for Each Side of the Human Body, So That When Asleep on a Hot Night the Glands on the Upper Half Work While the Under Ones Do Not, but This Is Changed When the Sleeper Rolls Over.

This mental sweat puts in a far from welcome appearance during moments of intense thought. Professor Kuno records one student whose palms perspired so profusely that they literally drenched his examination papers and tests showed that beads of sweat promptly appeared on the palms of all the youths while solving problems in arithmetic. One form of lie-detector machine is based on the fact that when one is faced with the problem of telling a lie which will seem true, the palm sweats. The youth, over-anxious to make a good first impression on a possible employer or fascinating young woman is exasperated to find himself offering an unpleasantly wet palm to shake. It may seem strange that Nature should play that joke on thinkers, worriers and embarrassed persons, but the reason seems to be simple.

The caveman probably never overstrained his mental apparatus except when confronted with one of those life-or-death emergencies and the chances are that it was his legs and arms rather than his head that got him out of them alive. So Nature played safe by fixing things so that when man steps on the mental throttle hard, it automatically turns on the mental sweat pumps. Perhaps not so very many gallons have been wasted, at that.

Though some persons have almost no sweat glands at all, the average-sized person has about 2,000,000, very large persons usually have more, small ones less. This rule Dr. Kuno finds so commonly true that by counting the number of sweat glands on an inch of a person's skin he can usually tell whether sickness or accident in youth stunted their growth. In such persons the sweat glands are usually more numerous than in one who had a healthy youth.

The same thing applies to fatness. If Nature meant an individual to be fat, his sweat pores are as close together as those of a thin man who was born to be thin. Such a person should be careful about reducing diets. If an obese man or woman has widely scattered sweat glands it is an indication that fatness is his or her own fault and reducing will be a benefit.

There are various animals that never sweat. It is said that a crocodile if cornered on dry land and driven into sufficiently violent and prolonged exertions will break into a frothy sweat, which for some unknown reason is fatal to the creature. The most eminent non-perspirer is the elephant, which seemingly was not evolved in the warm lands in which it is now found but in arctic regions.

There seems little doubt that the elephant now regrets that he never learned that trick in the misspent youth of his race. In the wilds, when these heavyweights go down to a brook to drink they spray themselves liberally with trunkfuls of the water and in captivity their keepers furnish it. The elephant's ears have thousands of tiny veins in them, so that he gets a cooling effect by flapping his ears.

Dogs have no sweat glands in their skin, but cool themselves by letting the air come in contact with their dripping tongues.

A person exercising vigorously in cool weather would soon overheat himself and for that reason get the same relief from perspiration as does anyone who just sits and sweats on a hot day. But the exerciser wins still another benefit from sweat. Vigorous muscular action generates large amounts of lactic acid. One of the jobs of the oxygen in the blood is to break this acid into less harmful substances. When a person starts to run he soon begins to pant, breathing harder and harder, in order to get rid of that sudden outpouring of lactic acid. At the same time the kidneys snatch as much of it out of the circulation as they can. Evidently this is not good for those organs as shown by the high prevalence of kidney trouble among heavy exercisers.

If the runner keeps right on, his breathing becomes increasingly labored for a while and then abruptly becomes easier. That mysterious blessing known as "second wind" has come to the rescue. Tests show that about the same time, his kidneys let up on their elimination of lactic acid. Evidently some powerful new scavenger has taken over a large part of the burden. Dr. Kuno and others have shown that this is the thermal sweating apparatus, which has started pumping out the lactic acid, with other ingredients.

Lactic acid, if allowed to accumulate, causes muscle cramps which rarely bother runners, even Marathoners. The athlete most subject to cramps and who also seems never to get a "second wind" is the swimmer in cold water. This is because he does not sweat. His muscles are generating as much lactic acid as those of the runner but the cold water keeps his blood cool, so the thermal sweat centre in the brain, as stubborn as a thermostat, refuses to see any reason for working the sweat pumps.

Drunkards are great sweaters, especially the day after heavy indulgence. This is thermal not mental sweat.

Besides the two kinds of sweat that come out of the two sets of glands, the skin is constantly passing water vapor probably with other substances in gaseous form. Bathers in salt water lose considerable amounts of moisture through the skin between the pores, while those in fresh water take in moisture, by a principle known as osmosis, which is the passage of fluids between the walls of cells.

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Divorce Racket Not So Easy In Colorado

WORKING wives cannot obtain divorces on non-support charges in Judge Henley A. Calvert's district court in Denver.

Judge Calvert recently denied a divorce to a woman who was employed at the time of her marriage and continued to hold a paying position when she attempted to be freed from her husband, four years later. The woman charged "non-support." Under such circumstances, Judge Calvert ruled, there is the plain implication that the woman could and should support herself.

In explaining the ruling Judge Calvert expressed surprise that there should be any discussion over the decision. Facetiously, the jurist pointed out that "heaven may protect the working girl," but that he would never give her a divorce on the ground of non-support.

"The State of Colorado is a party to all divorce suits and it is the duty of the State to maintain the marriage status unless the status is violated," Judge Calvert said. "When this woman failed to stop work there was an implied understanding that she was to support herself after marriage."

This ruling does not apply to a woman who gives up her employment when she marries and then, because her husband will not or cannot support her, is forced to go to work, Judge Calvert explained.

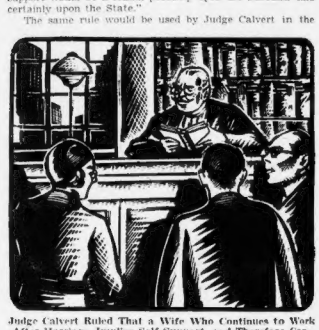
"There are three parties to every divorce action," the Denver jurist said. "There is the husband; the wife, and the State. The State is just as interested a party in the action as are the husband and wife.

"It is the duty of the State to see that the marital relations are maintained, if possible, but if there must be a divorce it is the duty of the State to see that legal grounds for divorce are pleaded.

"A husband cannot say to his wife: 'I'll hit you today and I'll hit you again tomorrow, then you can go into court and get a divorce on the grounds of cruelty.' That would be collusion and the courts will not stand for collusion.

"A girl who is working before and at the time of her marriage and continues to work afterwards cannot obtain a divorce on the ground of non-support. She enters the marriage relationship with the implied understanding that she will support herself. If she did not intend to support herself she would quit work at the time she was married. To allow her to obtain a divorce on the grounds of non-support would be a fraud, probably upon the husband and certainly upon the State."

The same rule would be used by Judge Calvert in the case where a woman had an independent income and supported herself with this income.



Judge Calvert Ruled That a Wife Who Continues to Work After Marriage, Implies Self-Support, and Therefore Cannot Obtain a Colorado Divorce on the Complaint That Her Husband Does Not Support Her.

"I know of several cases where women with independent incomes either from real estate property or from trust funds or invested funds have fallen in love with men and married them," Judge Calvert continued. "They have supported their husbands and have done it willingly. But, if they ever became tired of their bargain or if they saw some man they would rather have, they cannot come into my court and get a divorce by trying to prove their husbands did not support them.

"Suppose a woman marries a man and she has a good substantial income upon which they can live. She supports herself and husband from the day they are married. Then, just as long as he conducts himself properly and is not guilty of drunkenness, cruelty or adultery, it would not be right for her, after several years, to sue for divorce simply because her husband did not support her.

"On the other hand if a woman was employed when she married and quit her job, either at the time of her marriage or shortly thereafter and her husband forced her back into employment to support herself she would be entitled to a divorce on the ground of non-support."

Non-support could not be used as a cause for divorce in a case where a girl from a wealthy family married a man and the girl's family supported them, the Judge explained. The Judge is very firm in his stand that, as long as there are not other grounds for divorce, a woman who entered the marital relationship and implied that she would support herself must stick to her bargain.

"At the same time," Judge Calvert said, "a man cannot plead non-support and obtain a divorce in Colorado."

Judge Calvert read from the statutes to prove that a man cannot sue for divorce and use the grounds of non-support as the reason for a separation. Desertion, cruelty, marital misconduct and other grounds may be used by either party under the Colorado law but only a woman can ask for and obtain a divorce for non-support. This non-support, however, so far as Judge Calvert is concerned, does not apply to women who worked for a living before and after their marriage.

The specific case in which Judge Calvert ruled against a woman obtaining a divorce on non-support charges involved Mrs. Sarah Jean Roop of Denver. She charged her husband, Geryl E. Roop, had failed to support her. Evidence disclosed that Mrs. Roop is employed as clerk by the Denver School Board. She held the same position at the time she was married, four years ago.

Mrs. Roop testified that for the past year her husband had neglected to support her. The couple have no children. Judge Calvert told her he could not grant her a divorce on the non-support charge. He did not throw Mrs. Roop's case entirely out of court, however. Refusing to grant her the divorce on non-support charges, Judge Calvert allowed Mrs. Roop the opportunity of amending her petition and suing for a divorce on some other grounds.

Dead Girl's Family Joyous; Survivor's Folks Mourn, In Wreck Mixup

TWO families found themselves exchanging positions of mourning at St. Joseph Hospital and the county morgue in a tragedy of errors, as the result of an automobile accident on the State highway, a few miles west of the city line of Syracuse, N. Y., recently.

More than 18 hours after Mr. and Mrs. F. Bruce Miller of East Syracuse, a small village five miles east of Syracuse, had identified a dead girl at St. Joseph Hospital, as their daughter, Edna, 15, they discovered that the girl actually was Esther Nielson, 23, Waterloo school teacher and that their own daughter was living, but in a critical condition at the hospital.

And Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Nielson of Waterloo, who had kept a heart-breaking all-night vigil at the bedside of their "daughter" in St. Joseph Hospital, praying for her recovery, learned that Miss Nielson actually was dead and her body had been at the county morgue all night.

The strange situation followed the crash of a car driven by Miss Nielson and one driven by Erigo Parisi, 19, of Solvay, N. Y.

Miss Miller, who is a first cousin of the school teacher, was riding with Miss Nielson, returning from a vacation at Waterloo.

The crash wrecked both cars. The two young women were cut and crushed, particularly about the heads, and it required some difficulty to extricate them from the wreckage. Parisi and three other youths riding in the other car were hurt, but not badly.

All Night Long, the Parents of the Dead Girl Kept Vigil at the Bedside of the Survivor of the Wreck, Before They Discovered She Was Not Their Daughter. They Later Went to the Morgue and Claimed the Body of the Dead Girl.

Soon after the accident, witnesses called an ambulance and the girls were taken to the hospital, one dying an hour later.

Cards in the girls' effects gave troopers information which led them to Miss Nielson's parents in Waterloo, and it was then learned that the other girl was Miss Miller, and her parents were notified at their home.

Miss Miller's father, F. Bruce Miller; her brother, Glenn, and Rev. Joseph Sayer, pastor of East Syracuse Presbyterian Church, hurried to the hospital.

There they were told "the smaller girl had died."

That was correct, for although the Miller girl was younger than Miss Nielson, she was the larger.

The father, brother and the pastor were led to the hospital morgue where they viewed the body for identification. The dead girl's head was badly disfigured and this, coupled with the fact that the girls were first cousins and bore a marked resemblance, was probably responsible for the startling error. They identified her as Edna Miller.

The body was received at the county morgue as Miss Miller's and so recorded and it was not until 1 o'clock the next afternoon, more than 12 hours after the accident, that the mistake in identification was discovered.

In the meantime, Mr. and Mrs. Nielson had turned to Syracuse from Waterloo, which is 50 miles distant, and all night long they sat at the bedside of Miss Miller, believing her to be their daughter. The girl's head and face were heavily bandaged and prolonged the misidentification.

When first admitted to the hospital the injured girl was placed in a ward and it was not until the next noon that hospital authorities gave permission for her to be removed to a private room.

Tears streaming down their cheeks, Mr. and Mrs. Nielson stood aside as the girl was being removed from the ward, but as she was rolled past them at the ward door, Nielson started and said to his wife:

"That looks like Edna!"

In the private room they checked up. They discovered a ring on the girl's hand. It was Edna's ring. Then they knew that Esther was alive and their own daughter had been dead for more than 12 hours.

But checking further, so that there would be no doubt, they asked that the girl's clothing and other personal effects be brought in. The clothing was Edna's but the pocketbook and wristwatch which had been picked up at the scene of the wreck and placed on the stretcher alongside of her, were not Edna's. They belonged to the dead girl.

Then they were certain the girl they had watched over all night and morning was not their daughter. In the meantime Mr. and Mrs. Miller had made preparations for the funeral of their supposed daughter. The body was taken from the morgue to the undertaking rooms, and that morning the Millers selected a casket and picked out a burial plot.

They had barely reached home from the undertaking rooms, when Mr. and Mrs. Nielson arrived. They told of the mistake in identification and that it was their daughter who was dead instead of Miss Miller.

Mr. and Mrs. Nielson went to the undertaking rooms and identified the body of their daughter, which was in a casket bearing a plate with the name Edna Miller inscribed upon it.

There were joy and sorrow in the Miller home when Mr. and Mrs. Nielson returned to tell of the mistake. The Millers were overjoyed to think that their daughter was alive. The Nielsons were overcome by grief.

Miller explained his mistake in the identification. He said when he went to the morgue and was shown his "daughter's" body, all he saw was the head, the rest of the body being covered.

At that time the face was swollen and cut. He, too, was shown a watch and purse picked up at the wreck and said "They're my daughter's"

And they were, for Esther's had been picked up at the wreck and placed alongside of Edna, while Edna's were taken along with the girl who died.

A short while after the discovery was made and the Millers told that their daughter was alive, Mr. and Mrs. Nielson went back to the morgue where they talked with Coroner William R. Winne and the death record of the girl who had been recorded as Edna Miller was destroyed and a death report of Esther Nielson was placed on file in its place.

Girl Who Fell Ill Recovers, But Becomes a Boy

MARGARET HUTCHINSON always had wanted to be a boy. Life seemed, to her, so much kinder to boys, who didn't have to worry about dress, neatness or decorum. There was a certain freedom that the male sex enjoyed, freedom and adventure and opportunity to do as they pleased.

Margaret, for 15 years, found being a girl very dull. There never was anything exciting in the life of a girl in such a village as Lochore, which is a typical mining town in Fifeshire, England. It was a place where the boys had all the fun and the girls, well, they were just girls. Until three months ago, although dissatisfied with being just a girl, Margaret, who had reached the age of 16, had been reared and treated as an attractive young woman. In her heart, however, was the longing to be a boy. She always had worn girl's attire. It seemed strange and awkward to her. She had begun, some years before, to feel that she was really a boy in disguise, and her spirit rebelled at the feminine attire and at the rules and etiquette which girls in Lochore or any other village must follow. Up until three months ago, Margaret used to brood. She was unhappy. And then nature took a hand and brought an astonishing change which, however, did not greatly perplex the doctors for they recognized Margaret's experience as a metamorphosis which every new and then develops to enrich medical history.

Change of sex is not so commonplace that it does not command the attention of the whole medical world. And that's what happened to Margaret. Today she is no longer Margaret—but Mac, a healthy, normal boy, tall, handsome, full of youthful vigor, fair-haired and smiling. The old dissatisfaction with life has vanished. Even the publicity and the curious stares of old—and new—chums are insufficient to turn Mac's smile into a frown.

The interesting change came over Mac about ninety days ago. As Margaret, the patient had been brooding and melancholy, and always on what seemed the verge of a nervous collapse. Then Margaret became very ill. As a girl, she was taken to a home in Springfield. The house doctors at first diagnosed the case as one of "nerves." They studied Margaret and they plied her with questions, and then suddenly one morning as the patient seemed more sick than ever, the truth dawned on the medical men. They sent for specialists who had previously visited Margaret's home. The patient became famous to the medical profession.

The scientists practically lived at the hospital to watch daily the curious manifestations of nature. They watched and marveled as a struggle raged in the young body of the patient—a struggle between the sexes; a struggle aided, some believe, by the absorbing desire of the patient to be a boy. The struggle continued for several weeks, and then the patient began to improve. At last it was discovered that beyond all doubt the young subject, who had entered the hospital as a girl, would leave it in every respect a normal boy.

That is exactly what happened. Margaret became Mac, and as Mac, has changed from an unhappy, moody girl, into a cheerful, happy and strong young man.

In school Margaret, as she was then known, was looked upon as a girl with an unpleasant disposition, and a flair for dourness and domination. On the job today, Mac is gentle, amiable and delighted at being an office clerk.

Two years ago, the parents became uncertain about the child who undoubtedly was a girl. They knew that their child was extraordinary, and they had confidence in the specialists who turned up at the hospital. The evidence of these men pointed to Margaret as a girl, but still the parents seemed uncertain. One of the medical men was doubtful about Margaret, too, until the illness seized her. When she went to the hospital, these same doctors began to understand that within their patient there had been developing for years a mild war of the sexes. The first symptoms of the emergence of Margaret as a boy came when her voice changed and took on distinctly masculine aspects, whereas formerly it had been a girl's soprano.

There are many authentic instances on record of change of sex. One such change took place in Manchester two years ago, another was that of Gracinda Gomes, who changed her sex in a hospital at Lisbon, Portugal, last December. She was then 17 years old, and left the hospital a boy.

Living in the village of Aghran, County Kerry, Ireland, ten years ago, Delia Hayden was courted by the lads of the village as a beauty.

Suddenly when she was a little over 19 years of age she disappeared, and no word was heard of or from her until a merchant, going to Dublin to make some purchases, was astonished by the similarity of the features of the shop assistant who served him, and those of Miss Hayden.

Delia had changed her sex, and was now not only a fine young man, but definitely married—and a father.

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Pensions For Victims Of Prohibition Booze

THEIRS is an army of thirty thousand or more; twisted figures of men. Heroes to no cause but rather the victims of circumstance.

For three years they have lived in misery. Now the tapping of their canes and crutches is sounding an appeal that is being heard in the national capital.

Ordinary folks have forgotten the early months of 1930, when the "jiac leg" epidemic swept the South and Middle West. But thousands cannot forget. You can see them every day; south in Mississippi, as far north as Kansas, eastward in Ohio and westward in Oklahoma.

Seated behind desks or begging on street corners, their story is always the same. They lost hope and fortune as the dread paralysis reduced them to helpless cripples. Some of them have recovered. That means they are able to walk without a stick but their gait retains strange hesitancy that makes them marked men.

When the strange paralysis first appeared in January, 1930, physicians were baffled. It spread rapidly and they were powerless to combat it for it failed to respond to any known treatment.

It usually began as a numbness in the fingers.

A clerk in a Mississippi high court found his pen slipping from his fingers one morning. A few days later he was unable to move his arms.

Lawyers, druggists, clerks, salesmen, railway workers, mechanics and even women and children fell victims. It was no respecter of persons.

In only the mild cases was paralysis limited to the hands and arms. For thousands of persons it burned feet and legs into useless weights. A sixty-year-old grandfather went home to bed and has never left the house except in a wheelchair.

Younger men fighting the disease, tried vigorous exercise to ward off the paralysis but to their fear-ridden minds the effort seemed only to intensify the dull pain in their useless limbs. Early victims lived in fear of a slow death but as the disease spread it was definitely established that only the hands, arms and legs would be affected.

And then one of the hundreds of investigating physicians discovered that all of the victims had been drinking Jamaica ginger extract.

Analysis of hundreds of samples of Jamaica ginger discovered the presence of tricresyl phosphate. Further experiments established that the tricresyl phosphate had the power to paralyze nerve centers and it was found to be the foreign agent that caused thousands to become helpless cripples.

Sacrificed in the Fanatical Fires of Prohibition, Many of the Victims of "Jaic Leg" Are Mendicants. All the Victims Are Organizing Now to Ask the Government Which Failed to Protect Them from Poison to Do Something About It.

Still there appeared no cure. The majority of physicians recommended daily exercise, lengthening the period every day. A few advised complete quiet and rest.

However, discovery of the cause of the paralysis had one good effect; it halted the epidemic. Jamaica ginger, popular as a household remedy for treatment of colds, and popular with the men folks because of the high alcoholic content, was carefully avoided.

Government agents seized many bottles and drums of the poisonous ginger branded to conform with the U. S. pure food and drug act and shipments were traced to eastern manufacturers. Court proceedings were begun and one fine of $1,000 was assessed for manufacturing and labeling the poison in violation of Federal laws, but the prosecution made little real headway.

In the Mississippi courts, suits for damages totaling hundreds of thousands of dollars were filed by ginger paralysis victims but the State courts held they were without jurisdiction and threw out the claims.

In Mississippi and other dry States the paralysis was popularly known as "jaic leg." And as it was the common impression that the victims drank ginger as a beverage, the sufferers found scant public sympathy.

But all of the victims had not drunk the ginger as a beverage. An eight-year-old girl in Illinois was paralyzed. And from other States came reports that women and children and even men folks, who had used the Jamaica ginger as a medicine were afflicted. The thousands quickly exhausted their meager resources and whole families were forced on charity.

On a street corner in a small Southern town, the eight-year-old son of a former bank cashier is selling pencils.

The pretty little wife of a once brilliant young lawyer is supporting him with ten dollars a week earned behind a candy counter. A prosperous druggist is living on relations.

All in all the thirty thousand cases can be explained as thirty thousand pathetic, heart-breaking stories.

A huge sacrifice in the fanatical fires of prohibition.

Now the "jaic legs" are organizing. The Mississippi Ginger Paralysis Victims Association has 1,500 members affiliated with 28 county units. Similar associations have been organized in California, Oklahoma and Kansas.

Some twenty-old State associations are planned. They will be welded into a national organization to work for relief for the paralysis victims.

They believe they should have been protected by Federal agencies against the poisonous tricresyl phosphate in Jamaica ginger, branded to conform with the pure food and drug act. They want to know why no sweeping investigation was undertaken during the Hoover Administration.

The national association plans to ask Congress to vote some form of relief to restore the respectability of thirty thousand cripples.

What Papa's Self-Denial May Do for the New Astor Baby

Young John Jacob Takes a $25-a-Week Job, Buys a Cheap 38-Year-Old Yacht and Curbs All His Wild Extravagances to Please His Childless Half-Brother Who Can Leave the Bulk of the Huge Fortune to Whom He Chooses

Young John Jacob Astor's Mother, the Second Mrs. John Jacob Astor, 2nd, Who Married Enzo Fiermonte, the Prize-fighter.

The First Mrs. John Jacob Astor, 2nd, Vincent Astor's Mother, Who Married Lord Ribblesdale, a Peer of the British Realm.

Young John Jacob Astor, 3rd, Whose First Son May Inherit the Great Astor Fortune—If Papa Continues to Please His Half-Brother, Vincent.

Miss Eileen Gillespie, Who Broke Her Engagement With John Jacob and Returned His Costly Presents After He Apologized for Rudeness.

Mrs. John Jacob Astor, 3rd, Who Was Ellen Tuck French, Photographed at Her Wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Astor, Who Have No Children to Inherit the Immense Fortune.

PRETTY, red-headed, 19-year-old Mrs. John Jacob Astor, 3rd, familiarly known as "Tucky", is a happy mother, and her husband, the young half-brother of Vincent Astor, is a proud father.

Many people would like to know whether young John Jacob, and his son after him, is to be the heir to Vincent Astor's vast fortune of upwards of $100,000,000—the richest concentrated accumulation of real estate in America.

There are many considerations which would lead Vincent to name his half-brother to succeed him, not the least of which is the birth of the new baby boy, and then again there are some considerations pointing the other way.

Just now there are signs that young John Jacob is in strenuous training to secure the great fortune for himself and his son. He has become highly industrious, self-denying, thrifty, dignified, careful in speech and manner, considerably different from what he used to be.

There must be an heir to the Vincent Astor estate and John Jacob must have said to himself, "I am the ideal man for the position."

He has discovered that Vincent is economical for a man of his wealth and dislikes extravagant display or noisy manners. So the young brother has said: "I will be wisely economical, thrifty, self-denying, a man after Brother Vincent's own heart."

And the baby is to benefit by these wise resolutions. He is to be brought up with Spartan simplicity in a wholesome way, like a farmer's boy. There will be no special, exclusive herd of pedigreed cows for him, such as was provided for young John Nicholas Brown.

In pursuance of his economy policy John Jacob has purchased a second-hand yacht, thirty-eight years old, for $3,000—a piece of economy that takes a veteran yachtsman's breath away and United States steamboat inspectors have questioned whether she is seaworthy.

He has gone to work on a regular job at $25 a week with the International Mercantile Marine Co., where he puts in eight hours of steady labor a day. The wisdom of doing this becomes especially apparent, when it is known that the job was obtained for him by Brother Vincent.

These praiseworthy actions are in strong contrast with several outbreaks of extravagance at the time of the marriage and soon afterwards. He bought two enormous mansions for himself and his bride, one of them, Chetwode, a house of thirty-eight rooms, being the largest place available at Newport. He also gave his bride a surprising quantity of gifts in jewelry and money—estimated by some gossips at $2,000,000, which is probably too high.

Hitherto, it has been customary in the Astor family to leave most of the property to the oldest son, as with the great entailed estates of England, although the Astors exercise more selection.

But Vincent Astor has no son and no daughter, the latter fact being of less importance. Many things point to young John Jacob as the most suitable heir, and he is in a still stronger position now that he has a son.

As events were happening last year it looked as if young John Jacob were not exactly qualifying as Vincent's successor. His behavior in the breaking of his first engagement, his exuberant language and his extravagance were handicaps.

Vincent was not all pleased at the fuss between his half-brother and his first fiancee, Miss Eileen Gillespie, which led the latter's family to insist that the young man should apologize for his rude behavior. Imagine how the King of England would feel if some leading English duchess should make some tart remarks about the bad manners of the Prince of Wales, and you have some idea of how Vincent felt about the Gillespie episode. In fact he showed his displeasure very plainly when he stayed away from his half-brother's wedding.

There are other circumstances which might make Vincent Astor averse to naming his half-brother as his successor. His father, the late Colonel John Jacob Astor, did not live happily with Vincent's beautiful and much admired mother, now Lady Ribbledale. When she finally obtained a divorce, "Jack" Astor hastened to marry Madeleine Force, a girl a few years younger than Vincent, of which union his half-brother is the result. Vincent Astor may have grown up to regard this incongruous union with disfavor, and it is reasonable to suppose that this feeling increased when his stepmother after his father's death married the youthful prize-fighter, Enzo Fiermonte. The prolonged publicity attending that amusing romance would certainly have been displeasing to the head of a reigning family.

But when all these facts are considered there are certainly many reasons which might lead Vincent to select his half-brother and his son after him as his successor. It is the only way in which the family system and succession can be kept up. Then there is a probability that the attractive personality of Vincent's new sister-in-law, aided by her baby, may overcome any hesitation he has felt about electing his stepbrother to the lofty place of chief heir.

Young John Jacob Astor was placed in an unfavorable light following the sudden breaking of his engagement to Miss Eileen Gillespie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence L. Gillespie. Rather rashly the young man asserted that the engagement had been broken off through the unwarranted interference of Mrs. Gillespie, who wanted him to put half his fortune in trust for Eileen, and that he had given her a lot of valuable presents, conspicuous among which was a ring which had belonged to King Louis XIV and the Empress Eugenie and was valued at $100,000, and that he meant to have them back. In fact, he said that if he didn't get them in a hurry he would sue.

The Gillespies made it clear that suing would do him more harm than good. They explained that he would get his presents back when he apologized for some remarks made to Miss Gillespie. After some delay he decided to apologize.

Along with the famous Empress Eugenie ring, Miss Gillespie returned to Mr. Astor a valuable bracelet with green stones, an aquamarine ring, a guard ring and a copy of "Alice in Wonderland."

One month before this Mr. Astor became engaged to Miss Ellen Tuck French, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Francis O. French, of 660 Park Avenue, New York. The French family has been described as the most unconventional in New York society, but little Miss Ellen was very much liked by her associates and she had always been a friend of Miss Gillespie. Now she became the envied possessor of the Empress Eugenie ring, the valuable bracelet, and so forth, given up by her predecessor.

During the troubled period when his first engagement was being broken, Mr. Astor confided to a reporter:

"Some day I'm going to find the right girl. It may be someone—well like the young lady I was crazy about before I met Eileen. I want a girl who is not tied to her mother's apron strings, a girl who knows her way around."

After the second engagement was announced he explained:

"I ought to have known all along that 'Tucky' was the girl for me."

The wedding at Newport was a wonderful affair, the finest that had been seen in the Summer Capital for a long time. The bridegroom gave his little bride a $50,000 diamond bracelet in addition to the treasures that had belonged to Eileen. Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Astor found it convenient to take a trip to Europe at the time of the wedding. There were the feelings of the Gillespies and a variety of other reasons to be considered.

The bridegroom showed himself a temperamental youth during his honeymoon. He hurriedly left his bride in Providence to find her way to New York alone, and another hurried departure was reported in another place, but these things were not serious.

Young Astor is one of the very rich young men of America apart from his prospects through his half-brother. Under the will of his father, who perished on the Titanic before he was born, he received $3,000,000. Under Vincent's management this is said to have increased to $10,000,000. His mother also has a large fortune, most of which will presumably go to him.

Vincent Astor's estate has been estimated between $100,000,000 and $150,000,000. It has been accumulating since his ancestor, the original John Jacob Astor, the German immigrant, bought his first piece of New York real estate on the Bowery, near Elizabeth Street, in 1789. Rarely has the family parted with any real estate. The first John Jacob founded his fortune dealing in skins on the Pacific Coast and invested the surplus in New York real estate. Then he found that this was more profitable than skins and devoted himself to it exclusively.

Vincent received the greater part of his fortune in the form of a trust established by his grandfather, William Astor, tying his estate up for the lifetime of his son, the late John Jacob Astor. Vincent came into absolute possession of it when he came of age. Such trusts have usually been formed by the leading members of the Astor family. Whether Vincent Astor will institute one is, of course, an interesting question.

Vincent's wealth was increased greatly because his father made him the residuary legatee of that part of his estate of which he was at liberty to dispose freely, estimated at $75,000,000. The specific bequests were not large in proportion to the estate. There was the $3,000,000 to his unborn son already mentioned. To his widow he left a trust of $5,000,000 to be forfeited if she remarried, which she proceeded to do. But he had given her, it was said, $5,000,000 before marriage. To his daughter, Muriel, he left a trust of $5,000,000. To his first wife, Ava Willing, he left nothing, but she had received, it was said, $5,000,000 before marriage and the same sum on her divorce.

The original John Jacob established the custom of concentrating most of the family wealth in the hands of one son, and in pursuance of this rule left three-quarters of his property to his second son, William B. Astor. This son proved an able real estate dealer and in his will followed the general policy laid down by his father, but with a variation, for while he left the largest part of his estate to his oldest son, John Jacob Astor, he thought so highly of his second son, William Astor, that he left him a much larger share than to any of his children except John Jacob.

This John Jacob was the father of William Waldorf Astor, who settled in England about 1890, because "America was no place for a gentleman to live in," and was made Lord Astor, while William was the father of the late Col. John Jacob Astor. The English branch is really the senior and once had the larger share of the property, but it is believed that Vincent's estate is now the more valuable and he is looked upon as the head of the Astor family. Double taxation, absence from the scene of operations and other causes have made the English branch less wealthy than the American.

Years ago, when society was smaller than it is now, Vincent Astor's grandmother, Mrs. William Astor, conducted a famous social feud with Mrs. William Waldorf Astor to decide who was "the Mrs. Astor." The former claimed that letters addressed simply to "Mrs. Astor, Newport," should be delivered to her. This great question was not settled in her time. Today there is no doubt that Mrs. Vincent Astor is "the Mrs. Astor."

Vincent Astor's nearest relative is his sister, Muriel, until recently Princess Serge Obolensky. But it is not the family policy to make a woman custodian of the big share of the family property. Moreover, Muriel has shown no aptitude for business.

It must be a heavy responsibility that weighs on Mr. Astor to decide whether he will make his lively young half-brother the future guardian of the family fortune—the "John Jacob" of the day. But a social philosopher has remarked that if taxation goes on increasing at the present rate he may have nothing left to worry about.

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Training Young Ape Actors in the St. Louis Zoo

Chimpanzees in the Kindergarten Class Patiently Taught to Do Vaudeville and Circus Acts Which Delight the Crowd at the Free Theatre Every Day

THE St. Louis Zoo, famous for its open-air animal theatre, has an ape kindergarten which recently graduated, with honors, a class of four four-year-old chimpanzees. They are now full-fledged professional actors, two of them stars.

To fit a chimpanzee child for a public career requires long, patient schooling, but the things one would expect to be hardest are often surprisingly easy, and what should be no trouble at all sometimes turns out to be almost if not quite impossible. Inducing one of them to walk on stilts, ride a bicycle, do a tight-rope act, or turn a back somersault from a spring-board to a trapeze, is less than half the job. An ape is a natural acrobat to whom such things appeal as good ideas, and usually he is only too pleased to try them as soon as he grasps the suggestion.

Sometimes the ape mind is quick as lightning in taking a hint. When Trainer Leon Smith, teacher of the kindergarten, decided to have Jackie smoke a pipe, that precocious youngster snatched the idea out of his mind and the pipe out of his mouth.

That is how easy the start was, and the pupil developed the idea beautifully to a certain point. Not liking the taste of the smoke, Jackie "registered disgust" with a series of screamingly funny grimaces. To bring the thing to a perfect climax all he had to do was spit. This was an accomplishment that did not need to be taught any more than scratching himself.

Jackie, like other apes, all his short life had been doing it whenever there was any reason, and, quite like some human beings, often when there was no reason. This happened to be a worthy and logical occasion, but somehow he didn't and wouldn't do it. Smith then showed the young actor what was expected of him, and kept repeating until he ran out of saliva. The pupil looked earnestly at his master. He wanted to please him, but for some unaccountable reason that simple idea did not penetrate the anthropoid skull. Trainer Smith says that he never would have gotten it through but for a ludicrous accident.

A window washer, with a pail of water and wet chamois skin, was passing through the kindergarten at the moment and could not resist pausing to look at the intense little face. The weakness of the ape mind is lack of concentration. For this reason classes, instead of lasting half an hour or an hour on one subject, never run longer than six minutes, because after that time the pupil's mind wanders and the teacher has to work him on a different act, which in turn must not last over six minutes.

The time limit for Jackie's pipe stunt had almost expired and he now turned his attention to the window washer, who was no novelty but an old friend. Before anyone could stop him the chimpanzee shambled over to the pail and started to take a drink.

This was a mistake because the water in it was dirty and soapy, causing Jackie to do vigorously and continuously what his trainer had vainly urged on him. Each time Jackie did it, Smith said, "Spit!" A queer look came over the hairy little countenance, as much as to say:

"Oh, now I get you. You want me to do it. I thought you had gotten an ant or a spider in your mouth. I was sorry for you. That's easy."

It was. The next time they rehearsed the pipe stunt, Jackie added the feature without being told. To teach an ape to do any act, all by himself, in the privacy of the kindergarten, is one thing; to get him to do his part, with two or three others, all doing theirs at the right moment and nothing else, is a very different matter.

When that has been accomplished, it is still only a small part of the task. An animal actor, like the human kind, must attend strictly to business when he appears before an audience. All human actors have to conquer stage fright and so do some apes and other animals.

Worse than stage fright is temperament. Apes get peevish at audiences, perhaps for laughing in the wrong places or not laughing in the right ones. Sometimes a human actor, especially one of the stars, pauses to scold a noisy or unappreciative audience and so do apes on the stage, chattering, stamping their feet and shaking the bars of their cage. Human actors after such an interruption, are able to go on with the show and the audience is only amused. It is even more amused when apes scold and becomes more boisterous which further infuriates the indignant ape, until it breaks up the show.

But the worst fault of all is that chronic wandering attention. An ape actor is likely to wander out of his act entirely, forgetting everything in contemplation of some lady's hat. In the zoo, at Dresden, Germany, is probably the most talented ape actor that ever has been in captivity but his stage fame has been blasted by one incurable fault. If there is a bald-headed man in the audience and there always is, he steps right out of his part and screaming with delight, points at the man, with gestures that make clear to the audience that he has spotted a baldhead. Of course the audience howls but it ends the show.

Some animals, particularly the big cats, have a perpetual grouch at the world and would not so much as get up on a chair to please the trainer. These have to be driven by fear and the crack of the whip. The ape is exactly the opposite, a blow or even a threat, takes the heart out of him and he will do nothing until the incident has been forgiven and forgotten. But for six minutes at a time, he will do anything he can understand, solely to please a trainer he likes.

Asked if they rewarded the young actors with delicacies, Mr. Smith and Director George P. Vierheller, who might be called the principal of the kindergarten, shook their heads vigorously.

"No," said Mr. Vierheller, "that leads to no end of trouble with most animals. It is all right to reward your pet dog that way for showing off occasionally. He is an amateur and can't hold you up, but it won't do for animals that work regularly before the public. After a while the professionals realize the importance of their good behavior and make a racket of these rewards, rapidly increasing their demands until they become prohibitive. If you don't yield to their blackmail, they make a fool of you. If you give in they usually get sick. I know of an elephant that refused to exert himself until he had been bribed with countless bags of peanuts and finally a bale of hay. It took so long to eat this graft that it ruined his act."

The satisfaction of knowing that he has done a good job and pleased his friend, the trainer, is the only enduring basis. In addition to this, most apes enjoy applause and laughter but occasionally, on the other hand, it infuriates them.

Clothes have always been of vital importance on the stage. Try and send a prima donna on wearing a costume she considers unattractive. She would tear it off and almost tear down the opera house. This very thing happened when the management of the four kindergarten troupers ordered a dress rehearsal. In a few minutes they had made nudists of themselves as far as hairy apes can and their pretty, new costumes were in ribbons.

The trouble was not that the actors had considered the costumes unattractive—they were too attractive. The zoo tailor had made the mistake of having them button up the front with beautiful, glittering metal buttons. The four took one delighted look at themselves, then ripped off those buttons with astonishing speed. Seeing that they had made a good start toward destruction, they completed the ruin by ripping the thin cotton fabric to shreds.

But the zoo tailor is wiser now and the uniforms the kindergarten chimps appear in on the stage are made of heavy overall cloth and instead of buttons, each pair of rompers is fastened by three hooks—all stationed in the middle of the back where even the resourceful young chimpanzees can't get to them.

Jackie's three classmates who graduated with him last year are Lady, Percy and Krool. Last year they were permitted to do a few small "bits" but mostly to fill up the stage while their older brothers, the celebrated and brilliant Sammy Green and Billy Busch, put on a four-round boxing bout and an act with Yonnah, the young lady gorilla, dumb but not beautiful, yet who unexpectedly proved to be the most successful ape comedienne this school of acting has ever turned out.

This year the four are headliners with Jackie and Lady as co-stars. Here is one of their acts as viewed by the audiences, seated and standing on the rolling green hillside of the natural amphitheatre:

Hands raised above her head, weight shifting forward easily on the balls of her bare feet, Lady stands upon the top step of a platform, in a position of perfect balance.

On the low end of a spring-board, placed below the platform, bare feet resting on the far end of the board, her male companion waits.

"Allay—Oop!" comes the command. The female acrobat drops on the raised end of the spring-board, her weight shooting up the other end of the board and flinging her partner high in the air. The latter performs a perfect backward somersault and lands on his feet.

There are shouts of applause and a burst of handclapping. The performers evidently like it—once more the two take their positions on tower and spring-board. A trapeze is swung quickly into position behind the acrobat on the spring-board. Again the signal. This time the spring-board performer turns a backward somersault, catches the trapeze in his downward flight, swings back and forth several times then drops gracefully to his feet.

Lady and Jackie are only half of the kindergarten, but they are by far the smarter half, as Percy and Krool, although clever apes, usually act as background for their two more talented companions. They sit about the stage in their gay blue denim outfits, their bright little eyes following the talented movements of Jackie and Lady with as much interest as those in the audience, ready for their brief moment in the limelight, when as the climax of the show, Trainer Leon Smith forms the four little chimps into the customary acrobatic pyramid, with Jackie standing on Lady's shoulders, in the difficult position, and Percy and Krool ranged up alongside, looking as important as though they were the stars of the act.

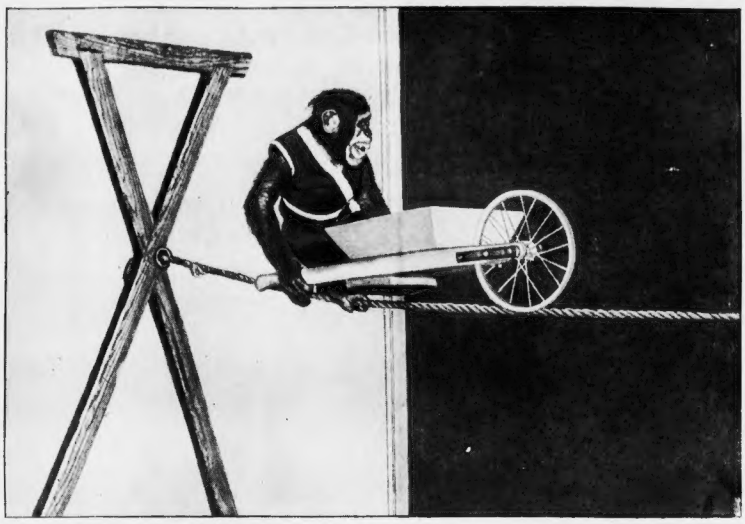
Last year Jackie's chief bid to fame as a performer lay in his modest ability to stand on a large ball and propel it about the stage. Lady played with a rope in a not particularly clever manner and the other two kindergarten chimps simply sat in the background looking cute in their bright colored rompers.

But now Jackie and Lady, in addition to their spring-board performance, list such stunts among their accomplishments as tricycle riding, rope jumping, tight-rope walking and even stilt walking. Jackie also does a solo Russian ballet.

Perhaps Lady's cleverest solo stunt is the one in which she pushes a wheelbarrow across a tight-rope. The wheel, of course, is grooved to fit the rope, but this makes the stunt little the less remarkable.

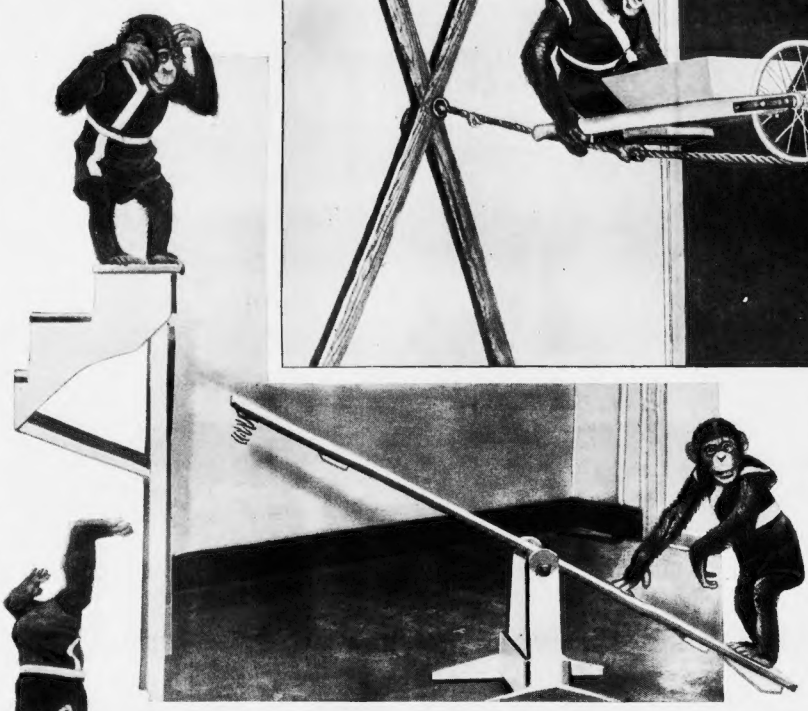
Most of the tricks of the "kindergarten" chimpanzees shows feature Lady and Jackie together. Jackie, for instance, drives a tricycle contraption, with a little wagon attached. Lady stands on her hands, feet up in the air.

Jackie, however, is the real hit of the show. His stunt of walking about the stage on stilts never fails to bring down the house.



The Clever Young Chimpanzee Actress, "Lady," Takes a Stroll With Her Wheelbarrow on a Tight Rope.

Photos taken at the St. Louis Zoo by E. C. Meyers, photographer, St. Louis.



"Jackie," Standing on the Bottom of the Spring-board, Waits for His Partner, "Lady," to Jump Off the Platform on to the Upper End of the Spring-board, Thus Projecting "Jackie" Into the Air, Where He Performs a Somersault and Lands Gracefully on His Feet.

"Jackie" Driving His Partner, "Lady," on a Tricycle Contraption While the Actress Balances Herself in the Air.

Acrobatic Pyramid of Four Young Kindergarten Chimpanzees. "Jackie" Is on Top, "Lady" In the Middle, "Percy" at the Left, and "Krool" on the Right.

The Group of Four Kindergarten Thespians Pictured With Their Wheelbarrow, Which Never Fails to Amuse Them.

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Wronged Her Prince—Lost Him $100,000 by Confessing

The Jury Couldn't Understand Why Self-Sacrificing Princess Eugenie Should Sell Her Kisses to Get Money for Her Son's Education and Then Cut Off the Revenue by Telling on Herself When Her Noble Russian Refugee Husband Sued for the Stolen Goods

Prince Architelle Gourielli-Tchkonia, Dressed in Russian Costume and Posing in a Little Tableau at the Fashionable Beaux Arts Ball in New York Last Spring.

Princess Eugenie Gourielli-Tchkonia, Who Shamelessly Confessed to Her Misbehavior With a Rich Philadelphia Bachelor at the Trial of Her Husband's Suit Against Him.

WHY did the charming Princess Eugenie Gourielli-Tchkonia tell on herself in open court, agreeing that all her noble husband's ignoble suspicions were only too true?

Had she been misbehaving with elderly and wealthy Mr. R. Wistar Harvey for the exalted motive of giving her son a fine education, as she explained, or did she confess to it out of penitence to support her noble but needy husband's claim for $100,000 damages in his alienation-of-affections suit against Eugenie's 67-year-old boy-friend? The riddle was too deep for a Philadelphia jury, which disagreed six to six as to her reasons, and therefore did not give Prince Architelle, the said husband, the damages he asked.

Mr. Harvey, a Philadelphia lawyer who has not practiced for about thirty years but says he is worth a million and a half, admits a long and intimate association with the confessing Princess but says she confessed more than the truth because the affair lasted only between husbands. Asked if she had mentioned the romance with Harvey to her second husband, the Prince, before marrying him, the Princess with an expression of astonishment, replied:

"Of course I didn't!"

Prince Architelle is one of that elegant army of immigrant Princes from Russia, glad to escape the Bolshevik red ruin, with their lives and, in this case, a pocketful of jewels. He lived on the sale of these for awhile in Paris, opened a dairy products laboratory, met Eugenie who was born in France, and married her there in 1931. The laboratory was not lucrative, so he opened a cabaret with $5,000 of the Princess' money and lost it because of the scarcity of American spenders in Paris, due to the depression and repudiation of war debts.

The Prince, 41 years old, spoke from the witness chair with the usual easy charm of the foreign noble and the inevitable French accent. According to Prince Architelle, he knew about Harvey before marriage but understood that he was a nice, benevolent old relative who had been generous to Eugenie. They had remained happy in their married life until they moved to Philadelphia, he said, but there Mr. Harvey and the Princess had slipped back into their former intimacy. When he discovered this he naturally separated from his faithless wife and, equally naturally, demanded $100,000 damages.

The Prince related his troubles in a pleasant, unemotional tone, like a gentleman telling an anecdote at an afternoon tea. But when Mr. Harvey's counsel, William T. Connor and Ira Jewell Williams, suggested that he had been satisfied to live on their client's bounty through his wife and that it was all a racket when that bounty ceased, he became quite as angry as might any common person.

While the Prince was cooling down, his wife took the stand. Her age after much argument was settled at about 48, though she looked some ten years younger and very chic, smart and Frenchy with an accent to match her appearance. She testified that Harvey had established her with Rene, her son by that first marriage, in a fine apartment, in a fashionable part of Philadelphia, for many years and that he had paid for the boy's education. In 1931 this romance seemed to be dying of old age. Harvey informed her that he could not live with her any longer, nor could he marry her. Being a bachelor, there was no legal obstacle—therefore it must have been some sort of inhibition, which in plain words would be that he just didn't want to. It was one of those "so-what?" situations.

"I told him I had fallen in love with a man in Paris and he suggested that I go abroad and marry him," continued the Princess.

"Did Harvey make that suggestion?" asked Mr. Gray, the lawyer for the Prince.

"Yes."

"Did he give you any money?" asked Gray.

"Yes, he established a $30,000 trust fund for me and my son."

"Have you those letters?"

"No, someone broke into my apartment and stole them."

The witness said that soon after she returned with her husband to Philadelphia, Harvey entertained them at dinner. This seemed safe enough, because nothing is supposed to be deader than a dead love. Therefore, the Princess suspected nothing when her ex-boy-friend asked her to come upstairs so he could show her something. That something, much to her surprise, she says, was that the old interest had come to life again.

"He told me he wanted to see me," she went on, "as we did when we were living together, but I was nervous and told him I couldn't. In January, 1934, I again visited Mr. Harvey in his home. Then the same thing happened as before I went to Paris, when I lived with him."

Apparently neither her husband nor her nervousness was with her on this occasion. But her husband being on the same side of the Atlantic Ocean, made Mr. Harvey nervous, according to the Princess. She said:

"Mr. Harvey insisted that I send my husband away, and he gave me $500 to buy him a ticket to Europe. I bought him a $165 tourist class ticket and gave him $135 in cash. I told him I had to remain in America for my son, Rene's, graduation."

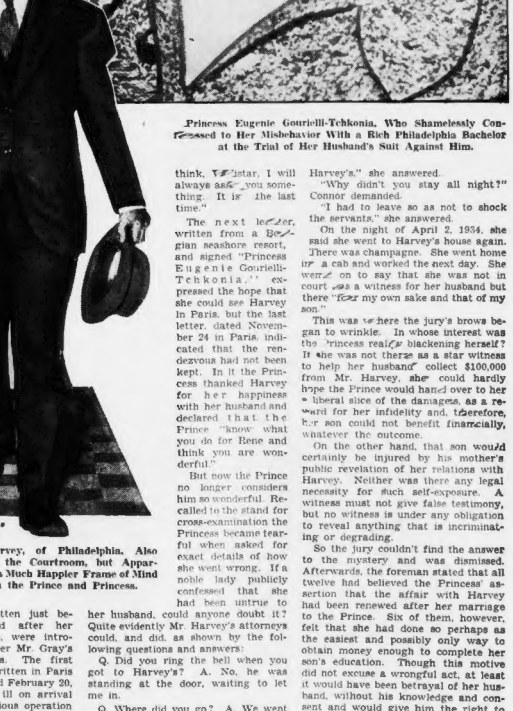
"What was the real reason for your not accompanying him back to Europe?" her husband's counsel asked.

"Because Mr. Harvey said he would not pay for my son's tuition if I didn't stay here, and I love my son very much," she replied.

On cross-examination Mr. Connor, Harvey's attorney, brought out the fact that Harvey had always taken care of the Princess financially and that her husband had never known of any relations between them until a year ago.

After a lengthy legal wrangle, letters from Princess Eugenie to Harvey, written just before and after her marriage, were introduced over Mr. Gray's objections. The first letter, written in Paris and dated February 20, 1931, told of her being ill on arrival in Europe and of a serious operation ordered by a prominent physician, Professor di Martel. The operation, other medical care and the expense of setting up a residence in anticipation of her marriage to the Prince would use up all her money, she wrote. Her fiance, she wrote, "loves me more and more—I can see that."

The Prince and Princess Leaving the Courtroom After the Jury Had Disagreed.



Mr. Harvey, of Philadelphia, Also Leaving the Courtroom, but Apparently in a Much Happier Frame of Mind Than the Prince and Princess.

The letter went on in her somewhat broken English, "If something bad happen to me, he will let you know. If something bad happen to me, I know that you will take care of me."

Another letter, dated a week later, told of making a special arrangement by which she would enter the clinic for only 25,000 francs, half the usual price, and asked Harvey for help.

"I hate to ask you all the time, but that is the last time," she wrote. "Excuse me to bother you."

The third letter, dated April 12, told of the success of her operation and described the affection the Prince was lavishing upon her. She continued: "You don't know how sick I was, and that is why I send you some of my bills. Dear Wistar, I implore you to help me again this time. Don't think, Wistar, I will always ask you something. It is the last time."

The next letter, written from a Belgian seashore resort, and signed "Princess Eugenie Gourielli-Tchkonia," expressed the hope that she could see Harvey in Paris, but the last letter, dated November 24 in Paris, indicated that the rendezvous had not been kept. In it the Princess thanked Harvey for her happiness with her husband and declared that the Prince "know what you do for Rene and think you are wonderful."

But now the Prince no longer considers him so wonderful. Recalled to the stand for cross-examination the Princess became tearful when asked for exact details of how she went wrong. If a noble lady publicly confessed that she had been untrue to her husband, could anyone doubt it? Quite evidently Mr. Harvey's attorneys could, and did, as shown by the following questions and answers:

Q. Did you ring the bell when you got to Harvey's? A. No, he was standing at the door, waiting to let me in.

Q. Where did you go? A. We went into the drawing salon, where we discussed my son's tuition. We talked about an hour, then we went to his bedroom. I stayed there about three hours, and then I left at 3 a. m.

Q. Do you mean to say Harvey allowed you to leave alone at that hour of the morning? A. Yes, he said his servants thought him a saint, but I think he's a devil.

Q. Your birth certificate says you are 48, but you said yesterday you are 45. A. Three years makes no difference.

Q. Three years makes no difference to you! A. No, neither does ten years. I be the same. It makes no difference.

The Princess returned to the night of January 24. "I went to the house about 10 p. m.," she said. "I left at 3 a. m. in a taxicab. I never walk in the streets at night. I went to Broad Street Station and drank some coffee. Later I had breakfast and then to the shop where I was then working."

"Didn't you get any sleep at all?" Connor asked her.

"Oh, I slept about an hour at Mr. Harvey's," she answered.

"Why didn't you stay all night?" Connor demanded.

"I had to leave so as not to shock the servants," she answered.

On the night of April 2, 1934, she said she went to Harvey's house again. There was champagne. She went home in a cab and worked the next day. She went on to say that she was not in court as a witness for her husband but there "for my own sake and that of my son."

This was where the jury's brows began to wrinkle. In whose interest was the "princess really" blackening herself? If she was not there as a star witness to help her husband collect $100,000 from Mr. Harvey, she could hardly hope the Prince would hand over to her a liberal slice of the damages, as a reward for her infidelity and, therefore, her son could not benefit financially, whatever the outcome.

On the other hand, that son would certainly be injured by his mother's public revelation of her relations with Harvey. Neither was there any legal necessity for such self-exposure. A witness must not give false testimony, but no witness is under any obligation to reveal anything that is incriminating or degrading.

So the jury couldn't find the answer to the mystery and was dismissed. Afterwards, the foreman stated that all twelve had believed the Princess' assertion that the affair with Harvey had been renewed after her marriage to the Prince. Six of them, however, felt that she had done so perhaps as the easiest and possibly only way to obtain money enough to complete her son's education. Though this motive did not excuse a wrongful act, at least it would have been betrayal of her husband, without his knowledge and consent and would give him the right to some compensation from the man who had connived in his betrayal.

The other six suspected, as Mr. Harvey's lawyers asserted, that it was done with deliberate intention of placing the rich man in a compromising situation, as a basis for that alienation suit.

It was brought out that in the usual attempts at settlement before trial, the Princess had agreed to sign a statement that there had been no wrongdoing with Harvey after her second marriage but that she had changed her mind and refused to sign the paper. Her explanation was that it was untrue. Some of the jury doubted that a woman, willing to be untrue to her husband, would be such a stickler about being untrue to fact in a document, when she was only denying her own guilt.

If she was so very truthful they wondered why she had concealed that first and admitted affair with Harvey from the Prince, according to her own testimony and, according to his testimony, misrepresented the millionaire as a relative.

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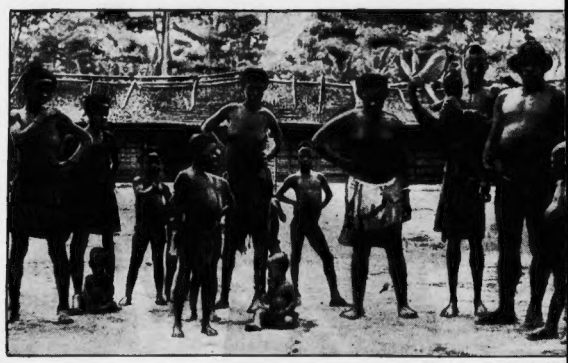
Around The World C

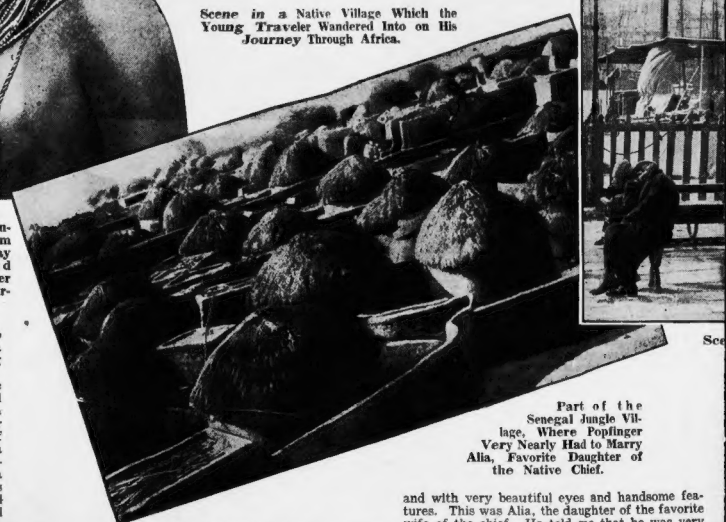
How 17-Year-Old Seppl Managed to Travel 70,00 Stowaway on Ships and Airplanes, Visiting Odd of the Earth With Many Unpleasant Advent

Seppl Popfinger, the "King of Stowaways," Photographed Through the Porthole of One of the Ocean Liners Which Inadvertently Gave Young Seppl a Free Trip.



Scene in a Native Village Which the Young Traveler Wandered Into on His Journey Through Africa.

The Senegalese Princess From Whom Popfinger Ran Away When He Found There Was No Other Escape From Marrying Her.



Part of the Senegal Jungle Village, Where Popfinger Very Nearly Had to Marry Alia, Favorite Daughter of the Native Chief.

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By Seppl Popfinger, the "King of Stowaways."

ROBINSON CRUSOE had his adventures, but they were not of his own seeking, and they befell him about 230 years ago. I wondered what sort of adventures would befall a person in modern times who started out to see the world. So I ran away from my father's farm in the village of Toedtenried, Bavaria, with a knapsack slung on my shoulders and $1.50 in my pocket. I was seventeen years old and I was determined not to come back until I had seen the world.

The road wound through Germany, Belgium and France, and I found myself at the French seaport city of Calais. My small supply of money ran out after a day or two, and I became a "Knight of the Road," begging rides and meals and sleeping wherever I could find a place to lay my head. Sometimes my lodging was a haymow, at other times I found bed and shelter in freight cars and in municipal lodging houses. I had embarked upon an ambitious undertaking which, I soon discovered, taxed my resourcefulness and ingenuity at times until, after many unpaid-for voyages on the oceans of the world, I became known as the king of stowaways.

It was six weeks after I left home that I found myself on the Calais waterfront pleading with an English sailor to help me stow away on his ship bound across the Channel to Dover. He hid me behind a water tank in the engine room. Although it was a short trip it was a rough and uncomfortable one, but it was free passage to England, a country I very much wanted to see.

I wandered about the British Isles for some four months, and I saw more of the country than most Englishmen have seen. I hoboed most of the time, but conceived the idea of having some cards printed which I could sell and thus speed up my travels and get to more places faster.

These cards carried my picture and the following spiel, my first crude attempt at English composition: "Without Money Around the World. I am going to make a tour around the world. The financial means I am needing will be given by the sale of these cards. Therefore I am asking all good people to take also such a card in helping thereby to achieve gradually my object."

The British were generous and bought enough cards to keep me well fed if not exactly affluent.

From Southampton I was given free—and compulsory—passage to Holland because the police didn't like my way of making a living. To be frank about it I was deported. The moment I walked down the gangplank in Flushing, Holland, I was welcomed by more police who presented me with a ticket to the German border and ordered me to get going. I managed to stay in Holland for a week, but finally was gently but firmly escorted from the country along with several other aliens without visible means of support.

Back in Germany, I was determined not to return home. I started walking the roads in the direction of the Saar Valley. One day I came upon two French soldiers driving a black motor car. They were with the Army of Occupation in the Saar and were taking the body of a dead comrade back to France. If I wanted to I could ride in the back with the corpse. I accepted their offer, but at the French border I dropped off because my traveling companion was beginning to get on my nerves.

For the next six months I roamed about France, and then felt the urge to be off to some place more distant from my native heath. At the port of Marseilles I got a job as kitchen boy on a Dutch freighter bound for Algiers. I had been away from home about sixteen months, and although I was finding life full and interesting I craved more exotic scenery, more exciting adventures.

Well, after wandering about Algiers and Spanish and French Morocco for three months, I got my wish, and in a manner that I never shall forget as long as I live.

At one time or another in the course of his life every person has cherished dreams of marrying the daughter of a king, and thereby becoming a true bearer of the royal purple. How this dream of my childhood almost was realized is a strange story and one which differs greatly from the romantic dreams I had as a boy, as I lay in the fields of my father's farm under the warm sun and visualized myself clad in bright raiment and mounted on a noble charger.

I had left Morocco with the intention of crossing the Atlas Mountains and going down into the dark of Africa, an ambition I had long cherished. With what funds I had I had bought an ass, one of those small but extremely sturdy little beasts whose strength and endurance is something I have always marveled at. On this somewhat unromantic charger I reached Casablanca. I decided a sea-voyage would be a far more pleasant mode of transportation to those regions of Africa to which mystery and uncertainty were calling me. I got a job on the freighter Victoria bound for St. Louis on the Senegal coast, but en route the kind captain informed me that he had no intention of letting me off there, but that I would have to stay on board until we reached Las Palmas in the Canary Islands.

Very well, my good friend, I thought. And when we arrived in St. Louis I reached into my bag of experience and pulled out the one marked "Jumping ship," which I proceeded to do without delay.

I wanted to get into the interior of this great unknown country, so I joined a caravan en route to Lagos on the slave coast. This, I decided, would be the ideal place to hop off into the jungle.

There followed two days of walking into the interior over caravan trails, which at this point so close to the coast were quite well defined. Villages abounded, and many wandering merchants were met on the way. On the third day, however, the villages were becoming very scarce, and toward sundown I became a little anxious, because I had no desire to spend the night in the thickening jungle or on the wide plains on the higher land. I stumbled on, hot and tired after the long day's march, and finally reached a native village off the trail and in the shadow of a vast undergrowth of jungle. It was a small village of rude huts, but the "palace" of the chieftain was easily to be distinguished from the rest, because of its greater size and elaborate ornamentation over the doorway.

A huge black warrior with spear and painted shield stood before the door and I made him understand that I wished to speak to the chief of the tribe. I was led inside the door and confronted the leader of this little band of people who lived here on the outskirts of nothing. To my surprise he greeted me in French and I answered him in the same tongue. Now began the usual ceremonies which must be carried through to signify the fact that the guest is welcome.

By this time, of course, the whole village knew that a white man had arrived and I could hear murmurs of the people outside the palace. The lesser chieftains were also admitted to the "throne room," where they seated themselves in a semi-circle about their leader. He and I now had to swallow a pinch of salt and take long puffs from a pipe before any conversation could begin. I was cordially welcomed by the chief who expressed the wish that I might be his guest.

I gladly accepted, because I felt that I needed a bit of a rest, and our friendship was cemented with the gift of a cigarette lighter and smaller presents to the other men present. All this was a relief to me because I suspected that these men were cannibals, and I had no desire to be on their menu some evening.

My presence was, of course, the occasion of a great feast which was held in the open space between the huts. The whole village squatted in a large circle here and gorged itself on roasted corn and meats. I was hungry and by this time had lost any repulsion of dipping in with my fingers, as all the others did.

A dance was put on for me after the supper. The younger women cavorted about in the glare of the huge fires and emitted cries which, I judge, were supposed to be songs. Their black and almost nude bodies gleamed in the glow of the flames. Some of the men were beating time on drums and others had pipes which wailed strangely into the night. Everyone joined in by clapping his hands in time to the music. I was enjoying the show so I clapped my hands too.

The chief was the only one with whom I could converse, and he informed me that he had only 24 wives, times being what they were. Good heavens! One wife is often too much for a man in my part of the world!

Seated at a distance from the rest of the people, I saw a really attractive girl, almost naked, and with very beautiful eyes and handsome features. This was Alia, the daughter of the favorite wife of the chief. He told me that he was very fond of her. She was 15 years old and he had begun to think of a suitable marriage for her.

The dancing and shouting lasted until the fires had begun to die down. Then I was led to a hut and given several straw mats to use as covers. I discarded them, however, because they seemed too animated to me. I was afraid they would suddenly begin to walk. So I lay on the bare ground without covering, my back serving as a mattress and my stomach as a blanket. I soon fell asleep and had dreams in which Bavaria and Africa were strangely confused.

Early the next morning when I arose and left the hut I saw Alia already sitting before another hut. First I washed myself in the river and then I paid my respects to her because I had taken a fancy to her. I made an inviting gesture and pointed to a nearby hill. Alia understood immediately that I wished her to take a walk with me and without further delay she got up and joined me. Keeping up a conversation was a complicated matter because we could only understand one another by means of signs, which sometimes caused terrible errors and misunderstandings which haven't been cleared up to this day. However, we managed to get along and as everyone in the village was very polite and kind to me, I postponed my departure indefinitely.

The people came to trust me more and the chie and I became very good friends. He was really fairly intelligent fellow and evinced great interest in my papers and the other records of my travels although he could not read them. One day h found me taking some notes in shorthand, a per formance which seemed little less than miraculou to him. My camera was also an object of muc interest, and I explained its use at great length One day I decided to take a picture of the whol village. I assembled all the people and stood be fore them, preparatory to snapping the pictur I looked into my finder and saw not the orderly group I had arranged, but a mass of wildly run ning people of both sexes who disappeared helter skelter into their respective dwellings. They wer afraid of the evil spirit which they were certai must be hiding in the queer black box.

Alia and I became very good friends and n

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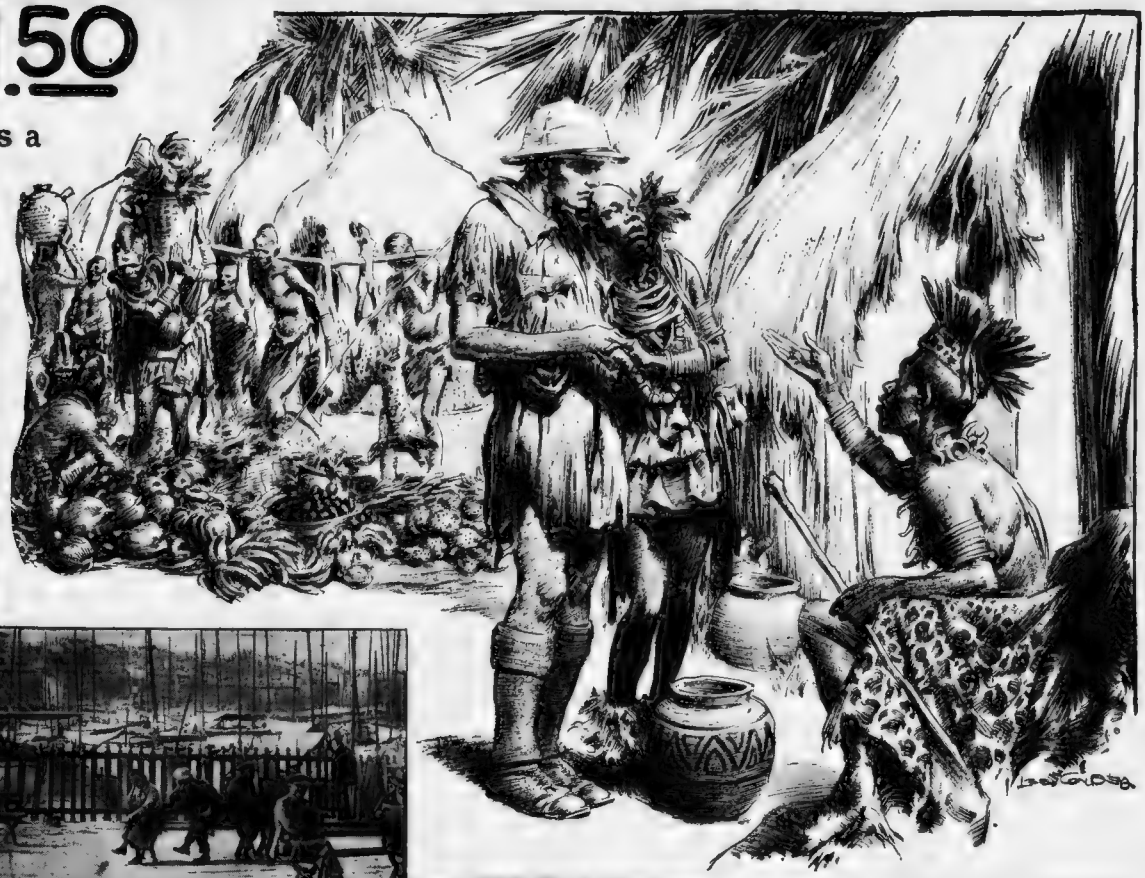
(c) KEYSTONE.

ne on the Waterfront of Marseilles, Where Popfinger Sat Watching His Opportunity to Stow Away on One of the Outgoing Ships.



So It Was Arranged That the Young White Man Who Had Strayed Into the African Village Was to Marry the Daughter of the Chief and Great Preparations Were Made for a Wedding Feast Which Should Be Appropriate to the Occasion.

morning passed without our taking a walk to a nearby elevation or down some cool jungle trail. Her eyes were far keener than mine and she showed me many interesting things which I never should have discovered for myself. One day, however, even her quick eyes were not sharp enough. We were wandering through the thickets in search of interesting things to see when suddenly a snake reared before a bush. Alia jumped to one side, to be sure, but not before the snake, its flat head snapping with lightning speed, had struck her in the foot.

The girl screamed in terror thinking that her end was near. I finished the snake with a heavy stick which I always carried with me and then threw her to the ground, tore my only handkerchief to strips and fastened a tourniquet about her leg. I took out my penknife and cut a bit of flesh from her foot around the wound. The girl howled with pain, but it was the only way to save her. Then I quickly started a fire and heating the blade of the knife in the flames I cauterized the wound.

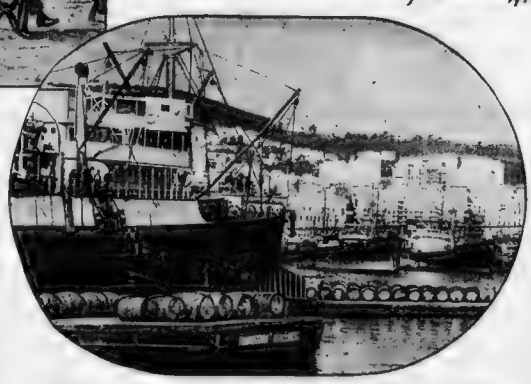
I supported her limping into the village where an excited crowd soon gathered. The chieftain came running up and when he learned what had happened, he overwhelmed me with thanks for having saved his favorite daughter.

Alia soon got well and I was looked upon as a marvelous physician by the ignorant natives, who now came to me for advice of all kinds. I did the best I could but had little success in driving away the evil spirits in which these people believed. I even played dentist, pulling out their teeth with a primitive pair of pliers, on which occasions I suffered even more than my unfortunate patients.

I was touched by Alia's evidences of gratitude and tenderness toward me. The chief noticed our affection and one day he came to me with the suggestion that I marry Alia.

My dream come true! The daughter of a king in her own small way. And still I didn't like the idea at all; the affair was not quite to my taste. But what could I do? It would have been an unpardonable insult if I had refused the daughter of the chief after he had offered her to me in marriage. Already I had visions of myself boiling in some huge pot, or staring fixedly from the point of some warrior's spear. It was either that, or assuming the position of mighty warrior and tribesman, the son-in-law of the head-man himself. The chances were that some day I would be chief, too, when I had acquired some 20-odd wives and the chief himself had become too old to participate in hunting and defending the village from hostile tribes. The matter of the 20 wives was the one which appealed least to me, but I could see no way out of the situation but to say "Yes" with as good grace as I could muster.

The wedding was announced. There was much rejoicing in the village for Alia was a popular girl and, furthermore, the marriage of the daughter of a chieftain was always the subject of particularly long and elaborate celebration, what with lots of things to eat and jungle delicacies of all sorts in sumptuous abundance. Alia was removed from the vision of all eyes to be prepared for her forthcoming nuptials and, as it happened, I never saw her again.



The Harbor of Algiers, North Africa, as It Greeted the Eyes of the Young Stowaway.

The villagers went eagerly about the task of preparing for the wedding. Large hunting parties went out to get sufficient meat and game for the prospective feasting. The women and children gathered fruits, herbs and edible roots, and collected such garden crops as they had grown in the very small cultivated patches of land they possessed. Fish were speared in the rivers and birds snared in the trees and bushes. This was to be no stingy feast and at night the blacks danced in anticipation of the festival and the booming of the drums often sounded long after the moon had been high in the sky. Neighboring villagers had also been invited to the feast and these, too, would bring their share of gifts and things to eat.

Joy reigned, but there was only gloom in my heart. There was only one way out of this thing for me, and that was by precipitate flight through the jungle. That, however, was a thing which could not be accomplished without the aid of a confederate, and I had none. Therefore I set about the task of finding someone who could be willing to risk his neck in order to give me a chance for freedom, but my hopes were slim.

There was one fellow in the village—a black about 30 years old—who had made trips to the coast and had once even worked on board a British freighter. This man knew a bit of English and I picked him as my prospective guide out of my dilemma. I began by suddenly taking friendly interest in him and frequently gave him little gifts to gain his good will and friendship. I had some little gaudy 5-and-10-cent ornaments which were eagerly desired by all the members of the tribe, and these I gave him so that he began to feel that I liked him particularly well. Nor was he averse to doing little tasks for me in return for a gift of this sort.

The time had come for me to plan my getaway, and now I had to confide my scheme to my new friend. We talked about the approaching wedding, which he considered a wonderful thing, not only for me, but also for himself. I guess he had visions of future favors from a man in high standing in the village, as I would be after my wedding, but, alas, I had to disillusion the fellow and tell him that it was my most heartfelt desire to betake myself to parts unknown at the swiftest rate I could urge out of my feet. He was amazed, to say the least, but the promise that the last of my supplies of jewelry and a sum of money besides would be his if he aided my escape did the trick. He was one of the few in the village who knew the value of money.

On the night before my impending marriage the beating drums throbbed until late and the shouts of carousers mingled with the jungle noises until long after midnight. I had gone to bed early without, however, shutting an eye. When things had finally quieted down in the village I heard a scratching at the door of my hut, and the Negro I had befriended crept in and touched me to awaken me, an unnecessary thing to do. He took my knapsack over his own shoulder and together we crept out of the hut. The moon was not yet up and one could see very little by the light of the brilliant southern stars. Only the glow of the dying embers indicated that men were anywhere in the vicinity. The rest was the live silence of a jungle night, with its queer and uncanny sounds.

Stealthily we crept down the main street of the village, if it may be called that, and I thanked heaven that these savages kept no dogs. Before us lay the black wall of the jungle, and into this we crept. It was pitch dark here under the trees, but my friend must have been endowed with extraordinarily keen eyes, because he set off down the trail without hesitation, I stumbling along behind with my hand on his shoulder, because his dark, half-naked body was quite invisible in the gloom.

After an hour of rapid walking we lighted torches to guide our way and keep off the horrible mosquitoes and other insects, and also the wild animals. If you have never walked in the jungle in the black of night without a rifle or other means of defense, you may not understand why beads of perspiration stood on my forehead, nor can you imagine why a great sigh escaped me when the torches were lit. Before that I had jumped at every sound and thanked God for the company of that man before me, whom I could not even see.

For three hours he guided me through the jungle, and the dawn was near when he stopped and swung the knapsack from his shoulder. He told me that he would have to return now, and instructed me as to the way from there on. Before us lay country which was not so overgrown as that through which we had just passed and the going would be easier. We shook hands, and I pressed the promised sum of money into his palm. He departed in the direction from which we had come, and just before plunging into the heavy undergrowth he waved a last farewell. I waved in reply and was alone, somewhere in Africa.

I set my legs rapidly in motion, for the greater the distance put between me and the disappointed chieftain, the better it would be for me, and the lighter my heart grew.

Had I known how near I was to come to death before I found my way back to the West Coast, it may be that I would have gone through with my scheduled marriage to a thick-lipped, kinky-haired jungle princess and become part of primitive life, lost to the world of white men for years, perhaps to the end of my days.

I had little trouble getting back to Sokotto and was safe in that jungle metropolis in the northeast corner of Nigeria a week after my escape from poor little Alia and her well-meaning father. I stayed in Sokotto for a couple of weeks, drinking in the strange life of the place and growing restive to be on my way again.

But first I wanted to see more of tribal life in the jungle, and I set out on a journey through the bush, stopping for a day or two in every village I came to. The blacks were not unfriendly and, fortunately, none of the chiefs I talked with was

(Continued on Page 18).

The 10,000 Franc Kiss

by F. Wayne Whittaker

In Which a Foolish Young Husband Learns That Monte Carlo, the Moonlight and Beautiful Women Can Be Expensive. A Short Story Complete on This Page.

Jack Took Zara in His Arms and Kissed Her the Way He had Been Longing to Do Ever Since the First Night in the Casino.

IT had been Evelyn's idea to end their honeymoon at Var, that dream-town on the French Riviera less than an hour's drive from Monte Carlo. If they had only stayed in Florence or gone on to Paris the way they had planned, Jack Knowles would never have known how it feels to be on a honeymoon with one woman and madly infatuated with another.

It had all happened so suddenly—like a bolt of lightning, and in the space of time it takes a woman to raise her eyes and look away again.

Their second night at Var, Jack and Evelyn had started out on an innocent excursion to the Casino at Monte Carlo to risk a few francs at roulette. They had only played a short while when Jack became suddenly aware of the woman across the table. There was something about her that made him catch his breath sharply. She was the most glamorous, beautiful creature he had ever seen—a thing of jet and flame. Blue-black hair. (Evelyn was a blonde.) This woman's eyes were deep gray. There was something illusive and mysterious about her.

As if drawn by some magnetic force she had raised her eyes to meet his. For a second there were only the two of them in the room, in all France, the whole world.

Jack had suddenly resented Evelyn's presence there beside him and hated himself for feeling that way. They had been constantly together for three months, three gloriously happy months. Not once had he experienced this choked, tied feeling and the mad desire to get away.

Evelyn had been completely engrossed in placing her red, white and yellow chips. Jack had touched her arm and excused himself on a pretense of getting cigarettes.

Instead, he had approached one of the attendants and asked the identity of the beautiful young woman in black who had been playing across the table from him. The attendant had politely replied that her first name was Zara; that her last name was unpronounceable; that she was Russian and French and English, that she gambled for low stakes and spent a great deal of time in the Casino.

"M'sieu' desires to arrange for an introduction?"

"No," retorted Jack shortly. "Just curious. Thank you."

The attendant bowed and looked blank. Jack moved back toward the table, telling himself that he had had an attack of temporary insanity. He would forget her by morning. It wasn't as if she were the first beautiful woman he had ever seen.

He shrugged and sat down at the table beside Evelyn. She was lovely in her ecstasy over winning a hundred francs. Jack smiled at her tenderly. Sweet kid. Then he looked across the green baize and met Zara's eyes and every nerve in his body went tense. She raised her hand to her throat. He noticed that on her forefinger she wore an enormous black pearl.

Let's go, Evelyn," he had said at last.

On the way down the Casino steps Evelyn had remarked casually: "Did you notice the girl in black across the table with that huge pearl ring?"

"No," he answered. "We must hurry. Just time to catch the bus."

Did he notice her? What he asked himself all the way back to Var was, "Will I ever forget her?"

In the morning Jack suggested that they cut their stay on the Riviera short and go on to Paris. He had lain awake most of the night haunted by a vision with blue-black hair and gray, mysterious eyes.

"Go on to Paris!" exclaimed Evelyn, wide eyed. "Why Jack!"

Then he had laughed a bit foolishly and said that he was only fooling.

A week passed. Every night they went to the Casino. Evelyn played at roulette or tried her luck in one of the baccarat rooms. And Jack watched Zara with hungry eyes. He was powerless to fight against this infatuation. Each day he feverishly looked forward to seeing her.

One afternoon he and Evelyn took the long ride along the road of the Grand Corniche to Mentone. That night, after dinner on the balcony of their hotel looking out over the Mediterranean, she announced that her head ached. She had barely touched her food.

"I think I'll go to bed and rest," she said.

Jack was immediately full of sympathy. "I'll read to you, dear, or anything you want me to do."

"Oh, Jack, I don't want you to stay in on a night like this. It's so glorious out."

"But I want to."

"It's sweet of you; but I feel so dull and tired I'll be awful poor company. S'pose you fool around the town or take a run over to the Casino. Maybe I'll be feeling better when you come back."

Jack's heart suddenly jumped wildly. He could go to the Casino alone; he could see Zara without Evelyn being in the room. He could. His hands were trembling. His mouth felt dry. This feeling was nothing short of madness. Thinking such thoughts with Evelyn's eyes, blue as cornflowers, looking at him and trusting him.

"I won't go away," he said quickly. "I'll just fool around the hotel here in—in case you want anything."

She smiled. "You're such a silly boy. Do anything you like."

When she had gone he stepped outside the hotel. He was the luckiest fellow in the world to have a girl like Evelyn for a wife, he told himself. She was wonderful. He glanced at his wristwatch. In ten minutes the bus would leave for Monte Carlo. He turned his back to the bus. Not much point in going over there alone. He lit a cigarette and smoked it fiercely. Of course he would not go over to the Casino! The idea was preposterous. Leave Evelyn here with a headache on their honeymoon and all. No; he would take a walk down the beach and come back to the hotel. He started down the gravel path.

Ten minutes later he was looking out the window of the bus as it wound its way along the precipitous road by the sea that leads to Monte Carlo. Dusk was settling over the Mediterranean, painting it the color of purple grapes. Swiftly they passed Nice harbor with its queer little jutting headlands.

Jack had told himself thirty seconds before the bus left Var that he would go to Monte Carlo just for the ride. He was too tired for a walk along the beach.

In an incredibly short time the bus arrived before the Casino. Jack stepped out indifferently. He idly followed the crowd. At the foot of the Casino steps he paused. Now that he was here he might just as well go in. No use acting like a fool. He would risk a few hundred francs at roulette and if he won buy Evelyn a present in Paris with the money! Congratulating himself on the inspiration he mounted the steps of the Casino. He would only stay a very short while.

Once inside the hot, scented rooms with their harsh lights, sleek men and jeweled, sophisticated women, he forgot everything but his search for Zara. He passed by many long, green tables with great roulette wheels in the middle, forgetting that he was going to stop at one and win enough to buy Evelyn a present.

He paused in the entrance of one of the rooms. The air was blue with cigarette smoke.

"Who goes banco?" the croupier was asking.

"Banco," said a rich, cool woman's voice.

Jack looked around and started. It was Zara. He stood still, his pulse racing, watching her eyes as the cards came clicking out on the green baize. The bank had a count of seven. Zara had a count of nine, a natural. She won. As the croupier was pushing the chips toward her she looked up and met Jack's eyes. He smiled. The corners of her mouth moved slightly. Then she turned to the croupier:

"I am through," she announced. "I shall go try my luck at something else."

Jack crossed the room. When she turned to leave the table she faced him.

"Perhaps you take my chair," she said. "It lucky."

"Thanks," he replied breathlessly. "I was just going to find a place at another table."

She laughed. "And so was I!"

"Suppose we——" He hesitated. "Suppose we find two places together."

That is a jolly idea."

She put her hand on his arm and they moved away together. Jack took a long, deep breath.

After a fling at roulette he suggested that they go to the Cafe de Paris for a cocktail and a dance.

"I would love a drink," she said slowly. "You American men are so—so nice."

Seated at a tiny table before the cafe, Jack was suddenly struck with a pang of conscience, but it passed quickly, like a shadow cast by a fleeting cloud. After all, what if he were married? Surely nothing could be more innocent than sitting at a cafe table talking to a young woman, even though she was not his wife. Why, if Evelyn were to walk by she would think nothing of it. She expected him to be polite to——

"Ever been to Russia?" asked Zara, opening a black cigarette case adorned with a diamond "Z."

"No," answered Jack. "Tell me about it—and yourself."

So she told him all about the old Russia and her life as the daughter of a general in the Czar's army. As she talked her eyes shone lustrously, and sometimes her breath came very fast. Jack listened and watched her, enchanted.

Suddenly she leaned across the table and placed her hand on his.

"This talk makes me sad," she said. "Why do you not dance with me?" She raised her champagne glass. "To drink—to dance—to forget." She shrugged. "Drink up. The orchestra is playing a song I love."

Dancing with Zara, Jack felt that she was a part of the music—poignant, yet filled with rhythm and passion. Her yielding body against his had the softness of a tropic night and the tantalizing perfume of exotic flowers. Her red mouth was dangerously close. When she looked up at him he saw in her eyes an invitation as old as the Garden of Eden.

Leaving the cafe, they took a path that led to a garden. "I'll show you a white flower garden," said Zara mysteriously. "It is so beautiful in the moonlight and the palms so lovely against the night sky."

But neither of them saw the white flower garden, nor the palms against the night sky. For Jack took Zara in his arms and kissed her the way he had been longing to do ever since that first night in the Casino. He kissed her eyes, her hair, her cool white throat while she clung to him passionately.

All the time he knew what he was doing was sheer madness. It was as if some stranger within him were holding this woman and whispering to her while he, Jack Knowles, looked on, not being able to do anything about it.

Suddenly Zara pushed him away from her and laughed softly.

"I just remember something." She spoke in a clear voice unshaken by emotion. "I have to go back to the Casino and find a man."

"To—to what?"

"I have to find a young man I have never met," she explained. "Its crazy. I'll tell you. You'll laugh."

Something in her voice made him feel uneasy.

"Go on," he said shortly.

She smiled. "I had tea at Var one afternoon a few days ago. Afterward, on the terrace, I met the sweetest American girl I have ever known. She was staying at the hotel on her honeymoon, she told me, with the most wonderful young husband in the world. She said he was the perfect man and I laughed. Then we talked about men for a long time. I told her no man on earth could be entirely true to one woman. She was so sure I was wrong we made a bet. She said she would put up five thousand francs he would give me the what you call "cold shoulder" if I made love to him." Zara laughed softly. "So it was decided that tonight he would come to the Casino alone."

As she talked Jack had the feeling that someone had placed an icy hand against his throat.

He caught Zara's arm and stared at her; his eyes were wild and terrified.

"This girl—what was her name?"

Zara shrugged elegantly. "I forget her first name. The husband's name is Knowles—Jack Knowles. I am going in now and have him paged and then——"

But Jack wasn't listening. He was thinking of Evelyn. Her headache. She had trusted him. What would she do? What would Zara tell her?

"Zara," he said fiercely. "I'm Jack Knowles. That girl you talked to is my wife."

She drew back, startled. "A coincidence! I cannot believe it. Here all the time you were the man I was to find—to make love to. How very funny!"

Jack could see nothing amusing in the situation.

"How much was the amount of the bet?"

"Five thousand francs," she answered quietly.

As she demurely raised her eyes to his, Jack saw that they were not all gray as he had thought. They were flecked with green. Little green lights the color of American dollars.

"Ever lose a bet, Zara?"

"Playing roulette, baccarat—yes, playing with men—no."

Jack thought a moment. Then: "I suppose you expect to see Evelyn tomorrow."

"Yes."

"What do you intend to tell her?" Two white shoulders under black lace shrugged indifferently. "I'll tell her that she owes me five thousand francs."

Zara met his desperate gaze coolly. "I'll give you five thousand francs to forget this," he said quickly.

She shook her head. "Your wife will know we have seen each other. If she is not to find out I will have to tell her I lose the bet. Then I will have to give her the five thousand francs you give me." She looked sad. "I will have nothing."

"Then I'll make it ten thousand."

She gave him calculatively. "How much have you in your pockets?"

"About ten thousand francs," he answered.

She put out her hand—the small white hands with the large black pearl on the forefinger. Her fingers greedily closed over ten one-thousand franc notes.

"I forget fine," she said. "You are nice."

An hour later he was back at Var, carefully opening the door to his and Evelyn's room so as not to awaken her. But Evelyn was only half asleep.

"Go to Monte?" she asked sleepily.

"Yes, dear," he whispered. "Head better?"

"Um-hum. Win or lose?"

His heart jumped.

"I lost."

"Much?"

"Awful. About ten thousand francs—seven hundred dollars."

"Oh, well," she said comfortingly. "I suppose ten thousand francs is only a speck beside what some people lose. Anyone interesting there tonight?"

"Couple of ex-dukes, a tennis champion, and—oh, yes, remember that girl who wore the big black pearl on her forefinger?"

"The Russian one? Yes. Somebody said she couldn't speak English."

"But I—" he faltered. "Didn't you mention you were talking with her the other day?"

"Me talk to her!" gasped Evelyn. "Darling! Don't be absurd!"

Zara Caught His Arm in Her Hand and They Moved Away Together. Jack Took a Long Deep Breath.

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Tracing the Fatal Footsteps of Helen of Troy

American Archeologists Sifting the Ruins of King Priam's City, Besieged for Nine Years by the Hosts of Her Wronged Husband and Captured at Last by the Trick of the Wooden Horse

An Artistic Reconstruction of the Wooden Horse, the Only Device by Which the Greeks Were Able to Enter Troy After the Nine Years' Siege. From the Picture by H. P. Motte.

TROY is perhaps the most famous city of ancient times for four reasons—because it was besieged for nine years, because the siege was brought on by the most fascinating woman in history, Helen; because the city was captured by the trick of the wooden horse, and because the siege was described in the first great poem, Homer's "Iliad."

Though much of the wealth and art treasures in the ruins of Troy were removed by the brilliant Schliemann about fifty years ago, the history of the old city is far from being thoroughly cleared up.

An American expedition under Dr. Carl W. Blegen, of the University of Cincinnati, is now making a complete survey of the ruins of Troy with the object of completing its history and making clear its relations to the ancient world. Troy held a vital position with regard to the politics, commerce and affairs of the civilized races of pre-Christian times. It was situated at a commanding point along the routes between Asia Minor, Eastern Europe, Egypt and Mesopotamia.

There were at least nine successive cities at Troy, of which the sixth was the city of Homer's heroes. The event called the siege of Troy was apparently a struggle between various nations of Europe and Asia for the control of the world, the exact nature of which is not yet understood. This is one of the things that may be learned by the present expedition. Even before the nine distinct cities there was a prehistoric period at Troy running back to about 6,000 years ago.

The American excavators are endeavoring to make clear the relations of the successive cities to one another and to the world. They are doing this largely with the help of the domestic pottery found in the ruins, which shows how the people lived, cooked and ate—what races they were related to and how they were progressing in civilization.

Troy was more like a great fortress, where the King and his garrison lived, than a city. King Priam's subjects who occupied the surrounding countryside, took refuge in the fortress in time of danger, as when the Greeks attacked the Trojans. However, it is known that the Trojans were able to go in and out of their city during the siege and at one time besieged the Greeks, who formed a sort of fortress with their ships.

Outside the citadel the American expedition made one great discovery. This was the cemetery of Homeric Troy, long hunted by archeologists. It consists of a series of burial urns containing ashes, remnants of burned bones and traces of ornaments not entirely consumed on the ancient funeral pyres. The cemetery belongs to the sixth level of Troy, which was the Troy of the Homeric period. Hence it now seems unlikely that the bones of Priam, Hector and other famous Trojans will ever be recovered.

Homer speaks of Troy as "many-towered Ilium," and this description is repeated by legend and the poets of many ages. It is confirmed by the investigations of the present archeologists, who have found that the citadel was surrounded by a wall with high towers at frequent intervals projecting in front of the walls. Against the missiles of the time these defenses were impregnable, while the height of the walls made them very useful for spying on the enemy and signaling to allies in the open country.

Large parts of the walls and towers on which the Trojan heroes often stood and hurled eloquent defiance at their enemies have been traced. Fighting did not usually consist in attacks on the citadel, as the walls were too strong to permit that, but parties of Trojans made sallies and fought parties of Greeks, many of the encounters being isolated combats between celebrated champions like Achilles and Hector.

The South Gate of the Sixth City has been completely excavated and reveals some interesting features. A square tower flanked the western side of the gateway, and this is probably substantially the structure that figured in various episodes of "The Iliad," although it underwent repairs and additions in later times. Some of the stones now laid bare were probably trodden by the feet of Paris, Helen, King Priam, Queen Hecuba, Hector, Aeneas, Cassandra and other famous Trojan men and women.

It is reasonable to imagine the alluring Helen looking out of this tower at the husband from whom she had been stolen, or whom she had deserted as some modern authorities have it, along with other Greeks encamped on the plain, and tempting them to make further efforts to recapture her.

There were wild scenes in Troy when it was captured by the Greeks. They sacked the city, plundered the palaces and worked their will on the women. Poor Andromache, widow of Hector, was robbed of her child. It was expected King Menelaus would kill his erring wife as the cause of the war, in some painful manner, but her charms were so great that she came through the most difficult situations smiling and unhurt.

"When the war ended in Troy, with the fall of the city," says Professor John Erskine, "Menelaus went looking for Helen, with a sword in his hand. He was undecided whether to thrust the blade into her alluring bosom, or to cut her swan-like throat. He hadn't seen her for some time. She was waiting, as though they had appointed the hour. With a simple gesture she bared her heart for vengeance, and looked at him. He looked at her. The sword embarrassed him.

"'Helen,' he said, 'it's time we went home.'

"They tell the story another way, too. Menelaus was not alone, they say, when he came on Helen in that inner room! Agamemnon was there, and others, to witness the final justice of the long war. Several who had never seen Helen, crowded in for a first and last look at the beauty for which they had fought. When Menelaus saw Helen standing there, he was conscious of his escort. Anger and strength oozed out of him, but those sympathetic friends were at hand, to see a husband do his duty. He raised his sword—slowly, not slowly enough. Then he heard Agamemnon's voice.

"'Your wrath might as well stop here, Menelaus; you've got your wife back; why kill her? Priam's city is taken, Paris is dead, you have your revenge. To kill Helen would confuse those who ask what caused the war. Sparta had no share in the guilt; it was Paris entirely, who came as a guest and violated your hospitality.'

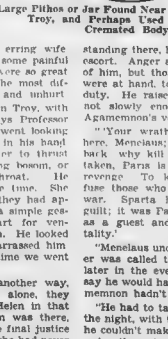
"Menelaus understood why his brother was called the king of men. But later in the evening he was heard to say he would have killed Helen if Agamemnon hadn't interfered.

"He had to take her to the ships for the night, with the other prisoners, but he couldn't make up his mind, in what order they should set out. Not side by side, of course. He in front, perhaps. That idea he gave up before they reached the street. The emphasis on the *procession* seemed misplaced. He sent her *on ahead* to take unprotected whatever *insults* the curious army might *care to hurl at* her. But the men gazed in *silence, or almost* so. They didn't notice *him. He heard* one say she looked like *Aphrodite*, caught naked in the arms of *Ares, when Hephaistos*, her ridiculous *husband*, threw a net over the lovers *and* called the other gods to see her *shame*. A second man said he felt like *the* other gods on that occasion, who expressed a willingness to change places any time with Ares, net and all.

"Some other men, that night when Troy was sacked, having less cause for violence than Menelaus, showed less restraint. Ajax found Cassandra in Athena's temple. There, as it were in the very presence of the goddess, he took his will of her, and went on to other business in the rain. Afterward, when Athena's anger was clear enough, he admitted he had injured the woman, but asserted that he had not desecrated the temple, for Odysseus had already stolen away the sacred image and the room, therefore, if a shrine at all, was an abandoned one. But the distinction was not likely to commend it to the deity, and Agamemnon announced at once that the fleet would delay its homeward sailing until prolonged and thorough sacrifices had been offered, due rituals of introspection and repentance, lest the goddess should wash their sins away in cool water. Agamemnon was tender in the matter from the moment the prizes were distributed. Cassandra fell to him."

The Base of a Tower Defending the South Gate of Homeric Troy, Which Was Probably Trodden by the Feet of Helen and the Heroes of the Iliad, and Which Has Just Been Excavated by the American Expedition. From the American Journal of Archeology.

***Andromache's* Child Cruelly Torn From Her by the Conquering Greeks Under the Walls *of Troy*, Which Have Newly Been Laid Bare by an American Expedition. From the Painting by G. Rochegrosse.**



Large Pithos or Jar Found Near the Cemetery at Troy, and Perhaps Used to Hold a Cremated Body.

The west side of the tower by the South Gate was not carried back to the line of the city wall, but stopped short of it, leaving a narrow alcove-like space extending westward from the interior of the tower.

Perhaps a stairway or a ladder led through the passage from the room in the tower to the top of the wall. A door seemed also to have opened from *the north* through the city wall into the *tower room*. This mysterious chamber *had a floor* of earth resting on a deep *fill; but near* the center was a roughly *circular area* paved with stones laid about *a massive* rectangular, altar-like block of *limestone*. The room in the tower may *have served* as a chapel and the old Trojans *perhaps* prayed for victory over the *Greeks here*.

Against the *outside south* face of the tower a remarkable row of huge square stones were *set up on end*. Dr. Blegen says it can hardly *be* doubted that these stones—called *"baetyls"* had a close connection with *the altar* inside the tower. The whole *may be* regarded as a monumental shrine.

In the acropolis of Troy was *found* a shrine connected with a hero-cult of the Homeric city, for here were discovered many fragments of terra-cotta plaques depicting a rider on a prancing horse. Perhaps this was one of the heroes of the great siege, but identification has not yet been made.

The style of the pottery decorations in the Sixth City fixed the Homeric age as beginning about 2000 B. C.

In a large house of the Fifth City, a period not far removed from Homeric times, a kitchen with [illegible] was found. It [illegible] left by the cook [illegible] of the door of the oven [illegible] and stone [illegible] copper perhaps [illegible] bowl of the [illegible] cooking [illegible] were [illegible] ing several [illegible] plain [illegible] dishes [illegible] of similar shape [illegible] dled goblet [illegible] quaffed [illegible]

The investigators discovered [illegible] floor of the Homeric period [illegible] served. This gives an opportunity [illegible] remains of the period. [illegible] Three and one-half [illegible] Dr. Blegen on the [illegible] years old [illegible] the New [illegible] parently the [illegible]

The remaining Greeks then returned to their ships, and sailed away as if for a final departure. The Trojans seeing the encampment broken up and the fleet gone, concluded that the enemy had abandoned the siege. The gates were thrown open and the whole population issued forth to enjoy their liberty. The great horse was the chief object of curiosity. Some wanted to take it into the city as a trophy, others felt afraid of it.

While the Trojans were considering what to do, a Greek prisoner named Sinon was captured. He alleged that he was an enemy of Ulysses, and that the wooden horse was made only for the express purpose of preventing its being carried into the city, as a prophet had told the Greeks that if the Trojans took possession of it they would assuredly triumph.

This decided the Trojans, who were *delighted* to find they were able to push *the* big horse through the city gate. *In the* night the armed Greeks who were *enclosed* in the body of the horse were *let out* by the traitor Sinon and opened the *gates* of the city to the other Greek *warriors* who had returned under cover *of* darkness. The city, sunk in *sleep and* wine, fell an easy prey to the *invaders*.

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The Girl Men Talked About

by Maysie Greig

A Little Chorus Girl Dreamed of Romance and Made Her Dreams Come True

Robin Was Lying in a Cellar, Bound, on the Cold, Slimy Stone Floor.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

WHEN Stella Wade left the chorus of a Chicago night club to sing and dance in the Blue Cabaret in Vienna, little did she realize that her saddest days of romance would come to her in Paris. Boris Rascha of Lavonia, who came to Vienna and Stella, she found a love that she did not feel but

Finally Boris asks her to go to his Castle Lavonia for a few days to behave like the fiancée of Robin Worthington, visiting American, to help Lavonia get a certain loan. Stella is to warn her that Boris is a traitor.

At an amusement park Stella and Robin are married for half the night on the Ferris wheel. The girl is really very angry when Robin kisses her and tells her he loves her. Boris is awaiting them when they return to the hotel and packs his sister off at once on a mission to Berlin.

The next day Boris are married and go to Boris' hunting lodge in Lavonia for their honeymoon. His savage love-making makes Stella to wonder if this is the great Romance she hoped for. In the morning Boris receives word the King and Queen Peter have been assassinated and that he is King of Lavonia. It is the end of the reign will be succeeded by a state but Boris considers it a necessary all the people the King's favorite.

Realizing that he has to escape, he tells Stella that he has finally a peaceful Josef Bo... personal servant, tells her Boris will probably marry Princess Bob... of Peter. Robin is knocked u... as he is trying to escape and confined in a cellar.

CHAPTER VIII.

Escape.

DESPISING him yet helpless, once more Otelia knew the slavery of Boris' arms. Once more the humiliation of his lips Robin, her only hope, was lying senseless in the cellar. It might even be dying.

At that she felt a sudden sense of dismay, of faintness . . . if Robin died she would lose her only friend. And to think that once she had scorned him. Once she had trusted Boris before him!

"We will celebrate your lover's defeat," Boris was whispering. "While he is in his grave—perhaps dying, who knows?—you will be in my arms, accepting my love as a meek and dutiful wife."

With that he threw back his head and laughed. But in the midst of it he stopped. Otelia saw his face go suddenly white. He staggered against the wall, one hand clutching his heart, groaning faintly.

"My heart," he muttered. "Call Josef, he is used to these attacks. He must put me to bed."

While Josef was in the bedroom attending to his master, Otelia remained in the sitting room, crouching in an armchair, her head sunk in her hands. She felt stupefied by the events of the night, unable to think clearly. Always at the back of her mind was the thought of Robin. . .

If only she could go to him, could thank him for the way in which he had tried to help her. But there was Boris, and his hateful servant. . . Still they were both occupied now in the bedroom. Was Boris seriously ill? She felt she didn't care.

Her whole world had been turned topsy-turvy in the last two days, her standards of values changed. Was she morally bound to this man who had hurt her body and soul? A man who had openly avowed his intentions of divorcing her in order that he might marry a princess of royal blood. A man who had so little respect for her. It was a problem too big for Otelia's tired brain to grapple with.

Minutes ticked by. She had been granted a respite. How long would it last? If only she might run out into the night and escape. Escape! Escape. . . She drew a deep breath, her thin, white fingers clutched tensely the arm of the chair.

Was this her chance? She started to her feet. She was alive now, keyed up with the first hope of freedom. She tip-toed to the door. It wasn't bolted! She opened it stealthily. The night air, cool and refreshing, flowed around her a mountain breeze blew the hair off her face.

She had only to rush out into the enveloping darkness, to hide somewhere in those forbidding mountains until morning. Then she might be able to make her way to the border. . .

But Robin? Wasn't it a coward's trick to escape and leave him to his fate? He had risked his life to protect her—and here she was thinking only of herself.

No, she must face it out for his sake. She might be able to intercede with Boris for him in the morning. With a new air of determination she made her way back towards the house.

But as she reached the balcony, she heard a faint muffled groan. It seemed to come from under her very feet. By the dim moonlight she saw an iron grating in the ground. She dropped to her knees and peered down it. All was in complete blackness. Who was down there? Could it be Robin, flung down there in the bowels of the earth? The very thought gripped her heart with chill horror.

In a sudden frenzy her delicate fingers tugged at the dirty, rusty grating. After a few moments it loosened; she was able to raise it with difficulty. She saw that the hole in the ground would just admit her slender body.

A moment later she decided to risk it. Luckily the drop wasn't far. She found herself in a passage. Carefully, with beating heart, she made her way along it until she found herself confronted by a door.

She pushed it open. What she saw blanched her face, while an overwhelming pity gripped her heart. Robin was lying in a cellar, bound, on the cold, slimy stone floor.

For a long moment she stood there staring at him. In the pause Robin said faintly: "Otelia—so you came?"

At the sound of his voice Otelia found herself shaking. She didn't know why, but there were tears in her eyes. She ran towards him, dropped on her knees. She couldn't speak.

"Listen, sweetheart. . ." His voice was low and husky. Somehow it didn't seem strange that he should be calling her sweetheart, then. "You mustn't stay here. If Boris finds you it will only be the worse for you. He hates me so."

"I don't care." Otelia whispered brokenly. "I want to help you, Robin. What can I do? Are you hurt—in pain?"

He shook his head. His lips twisted slightly. "I was stunned for the moment. But I'm all right again now. It's this cursed cord that won't let me move. . ."

"I'll try to loosen it," she whispered.

He shook his head stubbornly. "You couldn't. You must go. I'm afraid for you to stay here with me." His low throbbing voice broke suddenly.

"I'm going to get you free," Otelia said resolutely.

With all her might she tugged at the cord that bound his wrists. At last she had his hands freed. She subsided, panting, on to her knees and watched him while he loosened the cords that held his feet prisoner.

"Listen, Robin, you must go the way I came," she told him. "You must get clear of this country. You are not safe here."

"It does not matter about me. What about you?" he asked tensely. "Will you come with me, Otelia?"

"Yes, I'll come with you," she whispered, trembling.

Returning the way she had come was extremely difficult. When at last they had made their way along the narrow passage Otelia climbed on Robin's shoulders and scrambled up through the opening. Then she knelt on the ground and helped Robin up as best she was able. .

Her heart was throbbing wildly as she knelt there. Each moment was perilous. At any second Josef or Boris might appear through the door and see them. But finally Robin was beside her, and they were making their way stealthily towards the outer gate.

"You know what you are doing, Otelia?" Robin said in a low guarded voice. "You are leaving your husband. . . You are throwing in your lot with me."

Despite his effort to speak calmly, a husky note had crept into his voice. Again she was conscious of the same strange, tremulous feeling that had come over her at her first sight of him lying bound on the floor. She supposed it was something irrevocable she was doing.

She asked the question tremulously. "Do you think I am doing wrong, Robin?"

His answer was a firm pressure of her arm. She felt those deep blue eyes of his gazing down into her face, that was so pale and ghostlike in the moonlit darkness. He didn't answer her question directly. Instead he said simply: "Pray God you will never regret it, my dear."

He lifted her hand to his lips reverently, humbly. Again she felt herself tremble, as though she were standing on the brink of something tremendous, something that was too vast even for her to comprehend.

"We must hurry, darling," he whispered. "It will be hours before we are safely across the border."

Up, up the steep, rugged mountains they climbed. Robin held Otelia's arm tightly, helping her on. The thin soles of her shoes were cut by the jagged boulders; the silk stockings were torn on her legs. It was difficult to see where they were going for the moon was a capricious creature that night, hiding itself every now and then, behind dark clouds that floated like black threatening birds across the star-studded sky.

Presently she became so tired that she could scarcely move one leg before the other. . . "Oh Robin," she murmured faintly, "I don't think I can go any further. Can't we rest?"

At the sight of her pleading, childish face, so drawn-looking, an overwhelming sense of pity stirred in Robin's heart. "I shall carry you, sweetheart," he told her. "I should have thought of that before." He swung her up easily into his arms. "But I'm too heavy for you, Robin," she protested.

But at that he laughed. "Heavy, my precious? Nonsense. You're like a fairy weight in my arms."

CHAPTER IX.

In the Mountains.

UP, up again they climbed, this time the girl was a soft, sweet bundle against Robin's beating heart.

Otelia sighed. She felt as though she had at last found sanctuary. With her wide hazel eyes she gazed up at the stars. . . She wished she could read somewhere up there the answer to the perplexing riddle of her life.

Presently she found herself listening to the thumping of Robin's heart, then the thumping grew fainter, fainter. . . She slept.

For some miles further, Robin staggered on. He was desperately tired, but he wouldn't give in. A piercing wind had sprung up. It seemed to cut right through him. Half a mile further on he stumbled and twisted his ankle. For a moment he stood still biting his lip, to prevent himself crying out with the pain.

After a while he tried to limp on again, but this time he could scarcely move. He supposed he had better rest. With drawn they could start on again, moving carefully, creeping from one rock to another.

He chose a spot where two huge boulders met overhead and made a sort of cave. Very gently he laid the sleeping girl on the ground. Then he took off his coat and wrapped it about her. Now the cold wind seemed to bite into his very flesh. He shivered, wrapped his arms about his chest.

That night Robin made no attempt to sleep. Once he struck a match so that he could see Otelia more clearly. It splintered a moment in the darkness. He glimpsed her sweet, pale face, her soft, delicately-rounded body, half covered by his coat. His eyes were yearning, tender. .

How he loved her! If only she had trusted him from the beginning. How much agony he could have saved her—saved them both. She was so sweet, so appealing, so unlike the other woman he had loved so desperately, two years ago now.

That other woman . . Robin's eyes hardened as he thought of her. That other woman who had wrecked his whole life. He had loved her, fiercely, with a chaotic, burning passion that had torn him, destroyed him.

Once he had thought that was the only love.

Sitting there, staring up at the

(Continued on Page 15)

What's the matter with Me and Men?

"HERE I sit alone, evening after evening, reading or listening to the radio. What's the matter with me? Why don't men take me out? I'm not so hard to look at — and I have a good time!"

• • •

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..."KEEP LOVELY ALL OVER"!
THIS SIMPLE EASY WAY
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MADE WITH OLIVE OIL TO KEEP YOUR SKIN Lovely
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Her Roommate Hinted...
"MOST BAD BREATH BEGINS WITH THE TEETH!"
ALL RIGHT, DICK! SORRY YOU CAN'T MAKE IT. SOME OTHER TIME, PERHAPS!
ANOTHER BROKEN DATE! I'LL HAVE TO TELL HER SOMEHOW!
HERE'S AN ARTICLE, PEG, THAT SAYS LOTS OF BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD DEPOSITS LODGED BETWEEN THE TEETH!
...NOT HINTING ARE YOU?
NEXT DAY
SO MARION WAS RIGHT! BUT WHAT CAN BE DONE ABOUT IT, DOCTOR?
WELL, TRY COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS PENETRATING FOAM THOROUGHLY CLEANS ALL MOUTH CREVICES
ANOTHER DATE WITH PHIL, PEG? MY! MY!
NOT LONG AFTER
YES, MARION... THANKS TO YOUR LITTLE HINT... AND COLGATE'S!

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HANDY SIZES AT 10c STORES

Lady LILLIAN
CREME NAIL POLISH

The Girl Men Talk About

by Maysie Greig

(Continued from Page 11)

blue-black canopy of sky overhead memories crowded back to him. He saw himself again as he had been five years ago laughing care free, with more money than he knew how to spend, a young officer in the American Army.

His father, Owen Westover, owned a magnificent estate on Long Island. Robin was his only son. Robin loved his father. He loved intensely the old house that had belonged to his family for four generations. Life moved along, pleasantly, easily. Then he had met Delia. Delia!

Even now his heart beat quicker at the thought of her. Delia with her wild exotic beauty, her slow grace of movement, her red hair that flamed like a torch around her small pale face that had no color except for the brilliant scarlet of her lips.

Then those marvelous eyes of hers, eyes that seemed to change color with each mood. Sometimes they were green, like the Nile is green, that has flowed from the beginning of time and will flow on into eternity—at others they were amber, like the soft velvets she wore in the Fall—and at others an amazing deep sky-blue....

Was it any wonder that when she deigned to smile on him she had swept young Robin Westover right off his feet?

She was the wife of his Colonel, years younger than her husband. The Colonel was a bad-tempered, crusty old man who, she whispered, ill-used her.

Then came the night of the ball. They were out in the garden. Inside the band was wailing and sobbing to the lilting strain of a waltz tune. They stopped where a fountain threw water, like silver confetti into the night.

Suddenly Delia touched his arm, looked up into his face. The moon had slipped behind some clouds, but the stars were shining, like Delia's eyes. "Robin," she whispered, "kiss me!"

Robin didn't think in that moment he couldn't. He was swept off his feet by his overwhelming love, his desire for her. His arms went about her. He kissed her at first wonderingly, worshipfully. Then fiercer and more passionately.

Presently she drew away from him. "We mustn't," she whispered. "If my husband saw he would never forgive me. He is so terribly jealous."

The mention of her husband brought Robin abruptly to his senses. He released her quickly and that night swore that to keep his sanity and his self-respect he must never see Delia again.

But the next morning, as he was finishing breakfast there came a knock at the door. "A lady to see you, sir," his manservant said. Wonderingly Robin had her admitted. At sight of her he started, turned pale.

"Delia—you here!" he exclaimed. At that she threw herself into his arms and burst into a passion of weeping. Her husband had seen them, it appeared. He believed the worst and was going to divorce her.

"However much we protest our innocence he would never believe it," she said. "If you love me you will let the case go through and marry me afterwards."

"Marry you!" It seemed to Robin as though she were offering him paradise. Was it any wonder that he did as she asked him, even though it meant resigning his commission, even though it hurt his father sorely. Still, his father forgave him. He, too, had fallen under the spell of Delia.

At last Delia was free. But—the day before they were to marry, Robin discovered something that set his whole soul shuddering with horror all the time. Delia had been carrying on a love affair with a wealthy man who could never marry her.

In the first shock of revelation Robin acted instinctively and blindly. He cleared out without explanation to Delia, to his father, to anyone. He was too mortally wounded. He just wanted to crawl into a hole by himself and die.

In the months that followed Robin went from one continental resort to another. His father disinherited him. The estate and the fortune would be left to his cousin, the old man wrote briefly.

His father believed what the rest of the world believed that he had deliberately left a lady after causing her name to be dragged through the mire. And how could he explain without irrevocably damaging Delia's reputation?

Two years passed. He thought he had done with women, with love. Then in Vienna, he had met Otelia.

That night at the Blue Cabaret, he had felt his heart stir for the first time in months. Something about Otelia called out all the noble instincts that had been subjugated to death by Delia's diabolical life.

The thought of his frail beauty, her weirdness of manner of speech, made Prince Boris had driven him wild... He thought of Otelia as a tender, fragrant flower caught in the wickedness of life. Life had disillusioned him as it had disillusioned him. Poor sweetheart, he looked down at her tenderly in the first graying flush of dawn.

In a sudden passion of pity he bent forward and [illegible] soft red mouth... The girl stirred, she opened her eyes and smiled up at him.

"Robin, have I slept long?" Her voice was soft and tremulous. There was a touch of embarrassment in the smile that lingered on her lips. A new element had entered into their relationship. It made her strangely shy of him.

"Long enough, sweetheart," he whispered. "We must be getting on our way. Look," he pointed with his arm to where the East was flushing a rosy hue. "The dawn is right upon us. Do you feel rested?"

She nodded, raising herself. Then she noticed that he had wrapped his coat about her. She handed it back to him with a faint smile. "Thanks, Robin, it was—kind of you."

A flush rose to his forehead. He mumbled something and jumped to his feet. Turning he gave a hand to Otelia. As he pulled her up she stumbled against him. The swift sense of her body against his, was more than he could resist. His arms went about her, but the tenderness of his caress brought sudden tears to Otelia's eyes. How different was this from the horror of Boris'.

"Little love," Robin whispered. "You have given yourself into my protection. Pray heaven I shall never fail you. Oh my sweet, if only you could marry me at once... Would you marry me, Otelia, were you free?"

Her face paled, then it flushed crimson. The tumultuous feelings of which she had been conscious last night, returned. She felt her heart throbbing against his. Her eyes were swimming with tears. Oh, the tragedy of it, that she should know love, real love, too late!

"May I kiss you, my dearest?" Robin whispered.

Shyly she gave him her lips. The man pressed them, tenderly passionately. The girl closed her eyes. Sweet... Sweet... Her whole soul seemed drowned in an ecstasy of bliss. If only the world might stop at this moment. If only she needn't go on fighting any more.

There they stood in each other's arms, two lone figures on the great mountain range. Overhead the rising sun flung riotous colors on the giant canvas of the sky. Gold, orange, scarlet, red.

Presently, with great reluctance, Robin released her. He lifted one of her shaking white hands to her lips. "Thank you, sweetheart," he murmured. "But now we must push on. I'm afraid we have a good way to go yet."

CHAPTER X.
Vienna Again.

IT was late that night before they reached Vienna. A depressing drizzle had set in. As Robin and Otelia dragged themselves along the wide boulevards she couldn't help contrasting this Vienna with the one she had left but a few days ago. Then it had all seemed to be smiling. She shivered, and huddled her shoulders together.

"We'd better look for some cheap lodgings," Robin said. "I've just enough money left to pay for tonight. Tomorrow I'll go out and look for work."

"I must find something, too," said Otelia.

"Why should you? I'll be able to earn enough to keep us," he insisted.

"But I couldn't take money from you," she protested.

"Why not?" he asked bluntly. "Didn't you trust yourself to me?"

A faint flush rose to her pale face. "But we're not married," she stammered. "Oh, he must see that she couldn't take money from him in the circumstances.

Robin didn't answer directly. But there was a hard line to his mouth. Presently he muttered under his breath, "Oh, don't I wish we were!" Otelia felt the wish echoed fervently in her own heart. But she didn't speak. They trudged on again in silence.

The lodgings they finally found were not prepossessing. There was a bedroom and a sitting room. The bed was hard and the floor was bare boards. But it was clean and cheap.

"You will have the bedroom and I'll curl up on the sofa in the sitting room," Robin whispered in English, so that the fat landlady shouldn't overhear.

Otelia nodded. She felt too utterly spent to argue about anything. Nevertheless she felt de-

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I SMOKE CAMELS BECAUSE THEY'RE MILDER. CAMELS DON'T GET MY WIND OR CUT DOWN MY SPEED AND ENDURANCE
I SMOKE CAMELS TOO. THEY ARE SO MILD THEY DON'T AFFECT MY WIND OR UPSET MY NERVES. AND CAMELS HAVE A BETTER TASTE. I'D WALK A MILE FOR A CAMEL!
SO MILD! YOU CAN SMOKE ALL YOU WANT!

JIM BAUSCH—Olympic Decathlon Winner
BANK TELLER—William Wells

CAMELS COSTLIER TOBACCOS!

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Beer and Ale

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Five, Ten—And Up

by George Allan England

A Gripping Story of Love, Diamonds and Mystery

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

DAZZLED by the sight of the hundred-thousand-dollar diamond necklace about Mrs. [illegible] N. Vanderwater's [illegible], Mike the Mooch Mullins leaps on the running board of [illegible], snatches it and dashes away, but not before he is recognized by [illegible] Foster, the Vanderwater [illegible].

Pursued and losing [illegible], Mike scuttles into a nearby Five & Ten Cent Store and hangs the necklace among others on a [illegible] jewelry counter. [illegible] Lil, his moll, and instructs her to hurry to the store and buy all the necklaces.

Meanwhile Patty W[illegible] at the jewelry counter is persuading Carol Harrison also of the [illegible] counter to make her boy friend Jim Foster bring his employer's car and make a [illegible] with her and her sweetheart Eddie Prentiss. She suggests Carol buy a necklace [illegible].

Lil arrives at the Five & Ten to see the Vanderwater [illegible] Carol's throat [illegible] but Carol [illegible].

[illegible]

With a daring plan in mind Lil [illegible] Mike and four [illegible] join her as the [illegible] Vanderwater diamonds safely in Jim's pocket start homeward. They follow to the Kensington Art[illegible].

[illegible] tries to [illegible] Carol. The [illegible] Jim [illegible].

He persuades a taxi driver to deliver a note to Mike at the garage where he keeps his cab.

"Up!" Jim Growled in a Tone That Meant Business. "Stick 'em up, you!"

CHAPTER X.
Diamonds Trumps.

JIM leaned forward as the cab pulled to the curb half a block away from the Manhattan West Garage.

"Leave me here," he directed.

"Yeah," assented the chauffeur, "but how the blazes do I know my bus'll be here when I get back?"

"Say, fella'! If I wanted to swipe a cab, I wouldn't go through all this rigmarole to do it. I'd just go out an' pick me a good one, not a crate like this! What would I want o' your lousy old bus? I drive a car every day that you could put this one in the tool-box, see? Don't be a mutt. On your way!"

Still a trifle dubious, but with the argument of twenty-five smackers in his pocket, the chauffeur trudged away toward the garage. Hardly had he gone half a block when Jim too slid out of the cab. He crossed the street, and with his pockets oddly freighted with a gun, a box of blanks, and a costly diamond necklace now minus one gem trailed along toward the Manhattan West.

The necklace string now being broken, most of the diamonds had come loose, and were rolling round in Jim's pocket like so many peas. Had Grandmother Alden been able to know that, how the estimable old aristocrat would have turned in her grave! And Mrs. Horace Nicholson Vanderwater—how many spasms would she have thrown? How many "Mon Dieus" would she have uttered? Let some statistician try to figure it out.

As the chauffeur entered the garage, Jim took cover in a doorway whence he could command a view of it.

"Carol!" he was thinking. "If only nothin's happened to Carol! If there has—!"

The set of his jaw, tenseness of that red head of his, fighting gleam of his battered but still ominous eye, spoke volumes of what might befall any man so ill-advised as to harm one smallest ringlet of Carol's bright, blond and sculptured curls.

For a couple of minutes nothing happened, then three. But presently two men issued from the garage. One of them was the chauffeur. The other one, Jim didn't know. The chauffeur started back toward his cab; the other man, turning to the right, made off westward.

Jim felt puzzled, but only for a second. Almost instantly he understood. In the garage they hadn't been willing to divulge Mike's address to a stranger. They had scented some sort of trouble-rat. But one of the garage-men had apparently agreed to deliver the note. Now, Jim must be up and after that garage-man, pronto!

Out from the doorway he sauntered, strolled down the street, staggering a little as if to give some colorable excuse for his battered dishevelment. As the chauffeur passed, Jim took refuge in a doorway; then once more he trailed the garage-man.

This worthy, a stocky young fellow, turned north on Tenth Avenue. Jim put on speed to the corner, sighted the fellow, and again casually followed. Traffic, this time of night, was but sparse on pavement or sidewalk. A few late-open places still cast ribbons of vague illumination. Through these the messenger trudged along, now plainly-seen, now but dimly.

Jim hung to the scent, as the man swung west again; saw him enter a cheap and flashy-fronted tenement. By the time Jimmy had reached this, he could see the messenger pressing the second button of the topmost row of bells.

"Got it!" exulted Jim. Fevered, he slid along down-street and waited in still another doorway till—perhaps ten minutes later—the messenger emerged and turned back toward the garage.

Hot though the August night was, Jim felt himself shivering a little as he stood there spying. In the gloom he loaded all six chambers of the gun he had bought from the fence. Bitterly he cursed: "Just my luck to have nothin' but blanks!"

Not in the least did he share Uncle's philosophy—"Maybe it is bedder so, for now you can't kill nobody!"

He growled, with sudden inspiration: "By heaven, perhaps I can, at that!"

His heart pumped savagely as he added certain extremely original and peculiar ingredients to the loading of his gun. He slid his now formidable weapon into his pocket again, emerged from his lair, entered the tenement hallway. The second button of the top row of bells carried the name "McVey." Jimmy nodded as he recognized one of the monikers of the unsavory Mike.

"That's him, O. K.!" Jim muttered. "Got him run to earth, an' it won't be long, now!"

Ice-cold with a determination that makes murder just a commonplace, he pondered. Judging by the layout of the apartments, Mike's dump must be on the top floor, at the left.

For a moment Jim reflected on the plan of ringing bells, at random, till somebody should press the catch and let him into the building.

"But nothing doing, like that," he decided. "If I showed up, at the door, they'd probably burn me down. I'd be done, right there. Must be some other way!"

The other way was via the alley. Only a few minutes, and he was scouting down that, till he reached a gate that furnished access to the courtyard of the building he meant to scale.

Gloom enshrouded this court, dimly illuminated here or there by a shade-drawn window where a light still burned. A furtive cat was exploiting a garbage-barrel. This night-prowler, and the muffled squawk of a belated radio furnished all signs of life. Jim nodded, set his jaw, patted the pocket that now held his strangely-loaded gun.

Up along the rear of the building fire-escapes stretched their metal web. The lowest escape ran horizontally about twelve feet above his head. At his right he saw a swing-down iron ladder, but this was far above even his best jump.

A grating served his purpose; one of those iron grilles laid over openings that admit light and air to basements. Jim pried up this grating, wrenched it clear, set it leaning against the tenement.

The moment was precarious. Were some janitor, even some tenant, to discover him, the deuce would have popped. To be caught climbing up an apartment house with a loaded revolver and a pocketful of loose diamonds may lead to complications—the more so if one is torn, dishevelled, bloody, with a cut lip and black eye. And complications just now must not intervene! For Carol—was she not aloft, there, in the hands of Mike and Lil, and perhaps others of the mob?

Every nerve keen-stretched, Jim scrambled up the metal grille, caught the fire-escape, swung up on it, and for a moment crouched listening. So far, no alarm seemed to have been given.

Up, then, and to it...!

Silently as a panther, tense-muscled and alert, the attacker clambered aloft. Once a roller-curtain ran up and a lighted window opened, right above him. He froze to immobility, waited till light in that window died, and all grew silent, before resuming his silent climb.

Now he reached the eighth story, next to the top. Just one more, and he would gain the take-off for his attack.

"You sons o' goats!" he growled, teeth bared in a sort of grin—not now one of his rollicking, happy, whole-hearted grins, but a snarl of deadly portent. Jim never yet had killed any animal larger than a dog he'd once run over; but now—!

On, again, and up! Silently creeping, he negotiated the last ladder; and, far above the courtyard, reached the fire-escape leading past Mike's hang-out.

Now then, to the left! Yes, there Jim saw a lighted window, close-shaded. It was locked. Jim crouched against it, pressed a battered ear to the glass. Thus stationed, he became conspicuous from many another window—as a black silhouette.

Were any one to sight him now, the alarm would almost certainly be given. But there was nothing for it, save to cling there and listen.

CHAPTER XI.
Conclusion.

TENSE, and now with loaded gun in hand, Jim strained every nerve to hear what might be taking place inside that sinister lair.

A mumble of voices won to him. He could distinguish at least three. Then a fourth cut in—Mike's wolfish snarling:

"Ah, cut it out! You know where they are, O. K.! Come clean, now, or—!"

"But I tell you, I don't!" Jim's heart leaped thickly as he recognized Carol's speech. "I don't, I don't, I don't! I never even knew there were any real diamonds! All I knew was—"

"Aw, so you didn't know, sister?" Now it was another voice, a man's, in mockery. "You wasn't wise to it, at all. Oh no, 'course not! You was sportin' a hundred G's of ice, an' never—"

"I thought they were junk!" protested Carol. "Honest, I did! Let me tell you, again. First, at the store—"

"Say, forget that!" put in a woman's tones. Jim recognized them as Lil's. How that flock of buzzards had all so swiftly foregathered in this evil nest, he knew not. But here they were. And here was Carol, their prisoner!

And against them, what? Just Jimmy, alone, with a loose pocketful of diamonds and a crazily-loaded gun? Was that all? Not quite! A fighting heart and a red head—those had to be counted in the score, as well.

His face was drawn into a swollen and blood-stained mask as he gave ear to the dimly-heard mockery of Lil:

"Forget all them fairy-stories, you! Junk, eh? An' you never knew sweet little Miss Innocence, eh? Ah, you—!"

"Come on, now!" Mike threatened. "You're hep to where they are, an' you're gonna spill it, see? Sooner the better, fer you!"

"Let's give her the works," urged Lil. "This here's just wastin' time. She had the ice, an' now she ain't got it. I worked my racket on her, O. K. Grabbed off what she had, an' switched my phonies on her—but the ones I got from her was phonies, too! An'—"

"Yeah, a smart racket you worked!" Mike jeered. "You're some hot little—"

"Somebody's slippin' somethin' over on us!" growled still another voice—One-Ear's. "The deuce wit' stallin' any longer! If we ain't a bunch o' mutts, we can make her talk, all righty!"

"You gonna spill it?" demanded Mike.

(Continued on Page 17)

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Keeps Skin Young

Mercolized Wax absorbs the discolored surface skin in tiny, invisible particles revealing the beautiful, soft, young skin that lies underneath. It is the one beauty aid you can afford because this single preparation embodies all the essentials of beauty that your skin needs. Mercolized Wax has been making complexions radiantly lovely for nearly twenty-five years. Let it make your complexion fresher, prettier and clearer. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty of your skin.

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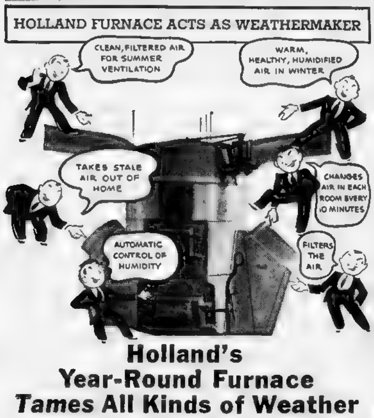

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You can buy a Holland Furnace for *under* $100 plus installation. Exact price depends upon the size of your home, number of outlets, etc.

The quotation on prices for the Year-Round furnace can only be made by an experienced engineer after a study of your requirements. You can be sure though, that it is the *most inexpensive to operate* of all furnaces. And will *save you a lot* of money *every year!* Ask for a demonstration in your own home. Absolutely no obligation.

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● Making a roof lastingly waterproof isn't just a matter of how much material you *put on.* Rather, it's how much *stays on.* Actual tests show that evaporation causes ordinary roof coatings to lose from 1/4 to 1/3 of their weight *within a few hours.* With Rutland this loss is only half as much. Because Rutland contains just enough oil to make it easy to apply. 83% of Rutland *stays* on the roof—forming a heavy, tough film of pure asphalt bound together with asbestos fibres. You may pay a trifle more per gallon for Rutland—but far less per year of service. 1½¢ to 2¢ a square foot is all it costs to "Rutlandize" your roof. Rutland Fire Clay Company, Rutland, Vt. Also makers of Rutland Patching Plaster and other Rutland Repair Products.

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It is an exquisite toilet accessory, resembling a superior beauty cream in texture. You simply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water. That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone—gone so completely that, even by running your hand across the skin, you cannot feel the slightest trace of stubble. For this amazing creation *definitely ends after-razor "stubble."*

When re-growth finally comes, it is utterly unlike the re-growth following the razor and old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth.

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Where to Obtain

It is called NEET—and is on sale at all drug and department stores and beauty parlors. Costs only a few cents.

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Five, Ten—And Up

by George Allan England

(Continued from Page 16)

"Spill what?" Carol pleaded. "How can I, when I don't—ow! Stop—!" It ended in a cry of pain.

"Give her arm another twist, Mike," laughed the moll. "That'll loosen her tongue, or—"

Lil's mockery ended swiftly as something like a blow seemed to shatter it. Jim thrilled at realization that Carol had landed a plump, strong fist. Sounds of a scuffle won to him.

"Hold it!" Mike commanded. "That don't do no good, Lil—an' lookit you got a cloth bleedin'. Get your paws off o' her! You ain't gotta twist her arm. Just let her stay in soak here, a few days—no grub nor nothin'. She'll talk!"

"Oh, yeah?" from Lil. "An' every cop in town lookin' fer that car, an' us—an' this joint raided, an' all of us up the river? Nix! We gotta work fast, you hophead! See here, sister," she addressed herself to the captive, "who sent the note that just now come? Who's wise to you're bein' here?"

"How do I know, you—you—?"

"Well, you will know! An' where the ice is, too, or we'll take it out o' your hide, see? You won't be such a dumb bunny, when we get goin' good on you!" A pause, then: "Mike! Let's set her on our 'lectric waffle-iron, an' turn on the juice. Maybe that'll make her spill some info!"

"Geeze, I dunno but you're right, at that," the furious Jimmy heard Mike concede. "It's like you say—we can't take a year fer this here racket." Silence. Then: "Sister, we're givin' you one last chance now, before you get the works. Where's them rocks?"

"I don't know! Oh, gee, if Jimmy was only here—!"

"Yeah, if! Well, if he was, we'd chaw up your Jimmy an' spit out the pieces, see? You an' your silk-stockin', millionaire-c h a u f-ferin' Jimmy! Smart guys, ain't you? Well—"

"Get the waffle-iron!" ordered Lil.

"Where is it?" Louie the Louse queried.

"In the kitchenette. Top shelf—get a move on! An'—"

With a blistering, round oath, Jim stood up on the fire-escape and launched a mighty kick at the window.

Crash! Glass flew, and crash again!

Jim's big boot made havoc.

Rip! Away, in his clutching left hand, tore the curtain. The right hand gripped his gun as he leaped into the room.

"Up!" he growled, in a tone that meant business. "Stick 'em up, you!" For a second his mad and blood-stained face, with the raging blue eyes puffy and swollen, held them aghast. Torn sleeve dangled as he leveled his gat. "Up with 'em!"

"Jim!" cried Carol. "Let 'em have it! They—"

"Oh, yeah?" Mike gibed, hand in pocket. Fire jetted through the cloth of his coat. Something numbed Jim's right thigh.

Crang!

That was Jim's cannon. Mike clapped hands to his stomach and pitched forward, slumped on the floor—shot with two small diamonds and a five-dollar bill that had been crammed home for wadding, with a pencil.

Again Jim fired, and again—only blanks now, but with devastating effect. Fritzer, his face scorched with flying powder-grains, cursed as he lurched into another room. A door banged; Fritzer was gone.

"Hold 'em, Carol!" shouted Jim, thrusting his gun into the girl's hand. She held the others who were still on foot—One-Ear, Louie and Mike's moll—held them cowed just the one vital second necessary for Jim to pounce on Mike and frisk him of his loaded gat.

Mike, rolling on the floor and hanging to his belly with a grip of anguish, spat curses.

"Now, you birds—go!" to chew me up an' spite me out, eh?" laughed Jim, indifferent to a hot stream trickling from his wound. A queer, sick feeling gripped him. He fought it back. "Come on—who takes the first bit out o' me?"

No answer, but maledictions, as mob hands still reached for the ceiling. The gat in Jim's fist left no argument about that.

"Carol—listen!" Jim's voice sounded far-away and vague, even to himself. "That phone! Call police—emergency—g i v e this address—"

"What is it?"

He told her, thick-tongued and with the strangest possible dizziness whirling in his brain.

Carol's phoning seemed oddly distant, unreal, as with gray eyes a-gleam and flushed color she obeyed. Unreal, too, were vague noises of windows being banged up in the courtyard, of people shouting there.

The room was beginning to buzz and spin now. Through a hazy darkness settling about him, Jimmy still held his captives.

"Frisk 'em, Carol!" he thickly ordered.

"Search 'em, you mean?" Now the smoke-gray eyes were blazing with excitement—blazing like Carol's cheeks.

"Yeah! Grab their gats!"

"Oh—oh, Jimmy! I knew you'd come, and—"

"Cut that out—get busy—frisk 'em!"

Joyously she obeyed. Her search panned out two rods.

"Gimme one!" She obeyed. "Now then—"

"Oh, Jimmy-boy—you're shot!"

"Devil with that! Drop the gun I gave you, an'—just keep that other one!" Jim felt himself going, but still held fast. "Hold 'em just a minute—longer, an' —"

A splintering crash told that the apartment door had been battered down. Heavy feet came stamping. Voices bawled:

"Now then—what's all this? What's goin' on, here?"

"Listen, Carol," gasped Jimmy. "All but three—o' the diamonds are in—my pocket. One of 'em—I soaked, to get a gun—an' two of 'em are in Mike. I shot him with—a couple of 'em—an' if he croaks, or they operate on him, be sure to get 'em back!"

"Oh, Jimmy—!" As blue-coated figures came barging in, guns ready. "Oh, isn't it just like the movies? You know what I mean! And you aren't hurt much—?"

"It's nothin'—that the twenty-five thou' reward won't cure—twenty-five grand—for the ice! No more Five an' Ten stuff—for you, Carol. An' no more chauffer in' for me! We'll have a—"

Rather quietly he slid out of his chair, slumped near the groaning, blaspheming Mike. From his pocket rolled and trickled an amazing cascade of brilliants. Under the electric light, Mrs. Horace N. Vanderwater's and G r a n d-mother's Alden's ancestral, aristocratic jewels winked and shimm e r e d, mockingly, enticingly, with promises of wondrous felicity for Carol and her Jimmy, once pain should be all past and injury all healed.

Jimmy was conscious only of Carol kneeling beside him, calling his name. He felt his battered red head softly cushioned on a very warm young breast.

"J i m—Jimmy-boy, darling—you're not goin' to die?"

"Die? Me, die? With you an' twenty-five G's comin' my way? Die! What the blazes kind of a guy you think I am, anyhow?"

"I think you're just wonderful—an' all mine, mine, mine! Oh, Jimmy, and I—oh, I can never tell you how much I— you know, Jimmy-boy! Oh, you know what I mean...!"

THE END.

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The Girl Men Talked About

by Maysie Greig

(Continued from Page 15)

you, sweetheart," he muttered huskily.

"Robin!" Her soft, white arms crept tightly around his neck. She had obeyed an impulse she couldn't control. He was so very dear. And she was so alone, so miserable. She buried her face against his shoulder. Tears scalded her eyes. They loved—yet their love seemed so utterly hopeless.

"Otelia—beautiful d a r l i n g!" His arms were tight about her now. He was kissing her hair, her face... Otelia felt herself tremble. A new note had crept into his love-making, something dominant, possessive... A moment, and they might have been lost, drowned in the glory, the bliss of their new found love... With an effort Otelia tried to draw away from him.

He released her so abruptly that she almost fell. He straightened himself with a jerk. "Forgive me, my dear," he muttered. Without another word he walked out of the room.

Otelia remained there. Her eyes closed. She had saved herself. She had saved them both. Yet she felt that it was a hollow victory, loving him as she did. She sank into the bed with a little moan. "What is going to become of me?" she murmured. "What is to become of us both?"

The next day Robin and Otelia vainly trudged the streets of Vienna in search of a job. They went separate ways, having arranged to meet for dinner at a little cafe that evening.

Otelia went the rounds of the hotels where English and American visitors stayed. But always received the same answer. They were sorry but they had no vacancies on their staffs.

The afternoon was closing in. The tall buildings threw long, black shadows across the narrow streets. Otelia paused at a street corner. She felt faint and weak. She hadn't eaten since morning.

Leaning there against a gray stone building she suddenly found herself obsessed by a strange feeling that someone was watching her. It was a queer, uncanny feeling. She glanced down the street. It was deserted save for a man who stood some little distance away, gazing at her. Otelia tried to tell herself that he was just some curious pedestrian.

But somehow she didn't feel reassured. She couldn't see his face clearly, but there was something vaguely familiar about his shortish stocky figure. Where had she seen him before? Wrack her brains as she might, she couldn't remember. But all this was nonsense, she told herself.

She pulled her meager coat together and walked rapidly on down the street. But with each step her fear grew instead of lessened. Once or twice she glanced back over her shoulder. The man was still following her! Who was he and what did he want? She wished she wasn't in such a deserted section of town.

She quickened her steps until she was almost running. But, always, the man seemed to keep pace with her. Gradually this strange chase began to get on Otelia's nerves. She felt like standing still and screaming. But this was a foreign city. Should anyone come to her aid how could she explain to them? Besides, of what definitely was she afraid?

She went through a narrow opening and found herself on the banks of the Danube. The dying sun cast a reddish glow on the blue-tinted waters; little pleasure boats drifted idly to and fro; everything seemed very still in the hush of sundown.

She paused and drew a deep breath. She felt somewhat reassured by the sight of people passing. In all probability she had allowed herself to become unduly afraid. She had just lulled herself with this notion when her heart suddenly seemed to stop beating.

The same short, stocky man was staring at her from the opposite side of the road. Acting on a sudden impulse she turned and fled into the nearest building. She didn't even look where she went, but the next moment she was blinking under the lights of one of the most expensive restaurants in Vienna.

The whole ceiling was festooned with gaily-colored lights, huge gilt mirrors hung about the walls, the seats were gilt with yellow plush seats. Panting from her recent fear, Otelia sank down upon one of them. A waiter was immediately at her elbow. It wasn't until then that she remembered she had scarcely any money in her bag.

But surely she had enough to order one cup of coffee? She didn't dare venture outside again until that horrible man should have gone. She gave the order falteringly. While she waited she found her attention d r a w n towards a striking couple who sat at the table next to her's.

The man was gray-haired, of a tall soldierly carriage, with fine features and intense blue eyes. But they were sad eyes and lines of suffering marked his brow.

The woman, who seemed years younger, was striking in her beauty. Her flaming red hair escaped from under a small, green close-fitting hat. Her face had no color except for blazing scarlet lips.

Unconsciously Otelia found herself wondering about her as she sipped her coffee. She was so beautiful, yet there was something hard about her features, a cruel line to the perfectly shaped mouth.

Otelia lingered on half-an-hour or so. Now, surely that dreadful man must have gone. She called for her bill. As she read it the color drained from her face. It was more than she had in her bag!

What was she to do? She felt covered with mortification and shame. Her hands shook. Her lips trembled. "I'm afraid I haven't got so much," she stammered to the waiter. The man's face changed instantly. His suave smile gave way to a hard stare.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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"Brother... ..can you spare a Young Idea?"

IN THE LANGUAGE of the "Young Moderns," a "Young Idea" means an Old Gold Cigarette.

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How to Remove Leg or Arm Hair In 3 Minutes

Without Making It Grow Faster, Coarser or Stubbier

THERE'S A QUICK GROWTH HAIR THAT WILL MAKE YOU LOOK A MINIATURE TO WHAT IT WILL BE!!
MAKE HIS LOOK AT SMALL BAD HAIRS AND DARKER HAIRS ON ARMS AND LEGS
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Hair Simply Falls Out This Easy, New Way

NO RAZOR; no dread of causing stiffer, faster, stubble-like new growth. No messy pastes or powders; and no terribly offensive odor, strong enough to "smell up your whole house." Instead, marvelous *liquid* discovery, entirely new to most women, that makes hair fall right out and leaves "no dark hair rot shadow." A new, quick, 3-minute way that is as easy as washing your skin with soap and water—a way that simply can not make hair grow faster, stiffer or coarser because it actually discourages the growth of hair itself. See the ugly hairy skin replaced by the soft, smooth beauty of a clear, hair-free skin.

And get rid of ugly leg or arm hair entirely without encouraging a coarse stubble-like new growth

What To Do

There are just two simple easy things to do. First pat skin lightly with De Miracle, as this new **miraculous-like** *liquid* discovery is called—wait 2 or 3 minutes, then wash it away with water—pleasant, easy, quick and inexpensive. See how smooth, clear, youthful and free of hair it leaves your skin. Be happier and perhaps more unafraid if letting others see your skin than you ever have in your life.

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Will you test DE MIRACLE without risking a cent? Then get a bottle of DE MIRACLE at any drug or department store today. 60c, $1 and $2 sizes. It is sold under our positive guarantee that you must be more than pleased and satisfied with the wonderful results or your money back for the asking. Get your bottle and make your test today.

Leaves no dark hair shadow

DeMiracle

Makes Hair Fall Out

DO YOU KNOW that The American Weekly prints more Scriptural stories in a year than all the other non-sectarian magazines combined?

The Housewife's Almanac for August

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

DOES the housewife, in her yearly housekeeping interests, follow our common daily calendar and the accepted sequence of its months? Or has she a special almanac all her own? If so, where in its succession, may we place the household "New Year"? What "events," what "phases," etc., may she look forward to under this present month of 31 days?

Viewed from the vantage of events, changes, and activity, we may consistently name AUGUST and set it in the first place at the head of The Housewife's Own Almanac, as starting the housekeeping "New Year."

This placement, so opposite from the traditional month of January, might be questioned were it not easy to see that by the time January arrives, the housewife has settled down for at least the three previous months to a definite cold-weather routine, with slight possibility of change, variation or new departures in cooking, furnishing, or purchasing.

Why shall AUGUST be set as the first page on the housekeeping almanac?

Because, in the first place, August is, after all, the true "marriage month." Granted that June is the accepted four weeks' bridal season, the majority of those who wed in June do not start to feather the nest until Autumn. Again, many romances stimulated by the Summer moon, do not blossom until the cool days of the later season. "A home of their own" whether it be a two-room flat or a five-room cottage, means the buying of furniture, blankets, linens, and kitchenwares—in August. Not for nothing have the crafty store managers featured "August furniture sales!" So too with linen and blanket sales, temptations to the thrifty.

Second, because in the latter part of August, particularly, there is great activity and changing of jobs or abodes, moving from former apartments to a new dwelling. Back from vacation means to numbers of people getting ready for that national moving day on October 1st. Hence the housewife considers in advance the cost, and various problems attendant on house painting, papering, refinishing of floors, etc.

Indeed, August may be the best month of the year in which to carry forward or at least plan for a prospective house renovation. It is an excellent idea to take a day or so out and visit wall paper and paint shops, while they are less crowded and more attention will be given the customer. Then arrange for the work to be done during the next two weeks or while the family is still away on vacation.

One of the chief reasons why the average decorating job seems to turn the house upside down is because while the work is being carried forward the family still must sleep in the rooms and have meals prepared for them. And how husbands hate to return to that home where the chairs and belongings are miserably huddled in the middle of the floor!

Doing paperhanging or painting or floor refinishing while the house is empty takes far less of the workman's time, and hence saves money. Many reputable dealers will contract to have the rooms decorated in the owner's absence, and stipulate that nothing will be broken or damaged during these alterations. In connection with room papering, it is worth while checking on those local propositions which offer "a whole room repapered" for a specific sum. Such definite budget plans are a great help to the small income.

Third, August is one of the best months of the entire year in which to order and start outside house painting. Such work when done early in Spring, as is often the custom, makes the freshly painted surfaces subject to intense drying out by the Summer sun. On the other hand, Fall-painted houses, and especially their outside porches, decks, steps, etc., have an advantage: in August the wood is driest and hence allows for the most penetrating coat of oil and paint to enter it, without additional blistering by heat, and thus gives the maximum protection for the oncoming Winter.

Fourth, the month of August, with its dog-days and top figure mercury readings, is strangely enough the best period to discuss the contrasting topics of house cooling and house heating. Never will there be a more practical moment to talk about or make estimates on some type of air-conditioning equipment than on a scorching day when the thermometer reads 98 in the shade! Never, no never again to spend another Summer in such heat, with the second story bedrooms each a hot-box, failing to cool until the small hours of the morning!

Thus August is the month of months in which to send for new bulletins, and call up the dealers and contractors whose business it is to make houses cool. Let these folks hand you some "cold air" and be armed with facts and figures as to washing systems, cooling systems, and ventilating fans and louvre grills, which, once installed, will reduce heat by keeping the house air moving. Many such installations now come below the $500 figure and are really worth consideration. Or failing an entire system, there are small portable units, sufficient for a single room, or installed window-ventilating fans, etc., all having as their object "keeping cool."

But equally, August is the right and fitting month to take up the repair or the new installation of a house heating plant. Salesmen are less busy, workmen have time in which to do such jobs right. The home manager and her husband also have more leisure to discuss such technical and engineering subjects thoroughly than they will later, when the first cold spell arrives, and they find their heating suddenly inadequate.

The oil burner is worth consideration because of its ideal automatic heat, its dustless operation, and its saving on ash removal, etc.

Stokers, also, are another means of eliminating the back-breaking drudgery attached to the use of raw coal, and providing more automatic and even heat throughout the house. Such small stokers (and there are several good models) are important because of the fuel saving they effect, and the elimination of a great deal of the smoke and gas usual in the hand-fired furnace.

Women especially are interested in such attachments to the regular coal heater, because they eliminate the drudgery of furnace tending when the man of the house is not at home.

Fifth, in the household with children or young people, August marks the beginning of the school year: new clothes outfits must be selected, new luggage or trunks perhaps, and Tommy and Mary fitted with everything from slate-pencils to sweaters. In the case of the college student, this outfitting includes taking along more substantial items such as small rugs, an electric heater or warming pad, pillows, etc.

It cannot be said too emphatically, that much money and time will be saved if this outfitting can first be planned—in August—on paper. Here is one place where "budgeting" is a necessity—for if the choice and selection are left entirely to that moment when the child or young person is confronted in the store by a glamorous frock or matching set, or tempting accessory, the great tendency will be to overbuy. The school outfit should be first bought on paper.

Sixth, for those housewives who are also their own canning factories, on no matter how small a scale, August is the moon of the harvest, with peaches, tomatoes, corn, peppers, pears, grapes, and the whole luscious harvest basket just overflowing. Jellies and jams, conserves and canned products, a thrifty salting and saving of present surplus for the leaner days of Winter to come, occupy the housewife. Today any kind of fruit preservation is made easier and more rapid by the use of natural fruit "pectin" to help the jelly "jell." New strainers and simplified canners do much to make this age-old art more in keeping with modern, rapid methods. Jars now come in pint, quart, and half-gallon sizes with cold pack canners to accommodate all three sizes.

Last, for those housewives who are also gardeners in their spare time, August is important in the garden because then, and no later, must the garden plan for next year be considered, and the all important selections made for next year's roses, lilies, and the wide array of garden material which must be ordered and planted in the Fall.

No matter how it is viewed, AUGUST is a month of planning, of thrifty preparation, of wise advance consideration on the problems of housekeeping for the following Winter season.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Prune Juice.	Sliced Oranges.	Pineapple Juice.	Grapefruit, Cereal.	Apricots, Cereal.	Orange Juice.	Canaloupe.
Whole Grain Cereal.	Cereal.	Cereal.	Popovers.	Rolls.	Prepared Cereal.	Cereal.
Individual Omelets.	Broiled Bacon.	Coddled Eggs.	Marmalade.	Jelly or Jam.	Poached Eggs on Toast.	Rice Pancakes.
Broiled Tomatoes.	Rolls.	Toast.	Coffee.	Coffee.	Coffee.	Marmalade or Syrup.
Toast.	Marmalade.	Coffee.	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	Coffee.
Coffee.	Coffee.	*Luncheon*	Potato and Liver Saute.	Macaroni au Gratin.	Stuffed Frankfurters.	*Dinner*
Luncheon	*Luncheon*	Spiced Beets.	Nut and Apple Salad.	Salad in Cabbage Shell.	Tomato Salad.	Old-Fashioned Chicken Pie or Chicken Surprise.
Beef Pimiton (Polish Style).	Deviled Clams.	Red and White Cabbage Salad (Raw).	Cooked Fruit Compote with Sponge Cake.	Cooked Dressing.	Ice Box Rolls.	
Left-Over Meat Timbales.	Mock Oysters.	Raspberry Gelatin with Cream.	Iced Tea.	Nut Muffins.	Fruit Blanc Mange with Cream or Stuffed Dates and Prunes.	Glazed Carrots.
Baked Potatoes.	Cress and Cheese Salad.	Cookies.	*Dinner*	Lemon Chiffon Pie.	Iced Tea.	Sweet Pickles.
Peach Shortcake.	Jellied Apples.	*Dinner*	Cold Jellied Tongue with Watercress.	Iced Ginger Ale or Punch.	*Dinner*	Gooseberry Charlotte.
Iced Tea.	Hermits.	Thinly Sliced Cold Lamb (Left-Over).	Harvard Beets.	*Dinner*	Baked and Stuffed Bluefish.	Iced Coffee.
Dinner	Iced Coffee.	"Modernistic" Potato Salad.	Creamed Potatoes.	Baked and Stuffed Potato Puffs.	Spanish Omelet with Leeks.	*Supper*
Brunswick Stew.	*Dinner*	Tomato Garnish.	Sliced Cucumbers.	Buttered String Beans.	Hashed Browned Potatoes or Noodles.	Emergency Sandwiches (Left-Overs).
Golden Corn Sticks.	*(Company)*	Green Apple Pie.	Home Made Vanilla Ice Cream.	Green Bouquet Salad.	Vegetables in Casserole.	Ripe Fruit Salad.
Grapefruit Mint Sherbet.	Tomato Juice Cocktail.		Cup Cakes.	Mexican French Dressing.	Lemon Sherbet.	Ice Cold Buttermilk or Buttermilk Ice Cream.
Bran Date Bars.	Roast Lamb.			Fruit Tapioca.	Orange Queens.	
	Green Peas.			Date Bars.		
	Potatoes or Spaghetti.					
	Macedoine Salad.					
	Savory French Dressing.					
	Macaroon Ice Cream.					

Recipes Requested by Readers

Brunswick Stew.
(Four Quarts).

IN a large saucepan put 4 finely chopped onions, 2 pints strained tomato pulp, 2 delicately browned slices of fat salt pork, 1 large or 2 small chickens, cut in pieces, and cover with 1 gallon of hot water. Cover closely and simmer gently until tender. Remove chicken, discard bones and gristle and finely chop meat. Add 1 can of corn and cook gently about ½ hour. A can of Lima beans may be added, if desired. Add 1 cup butter, 1 cup fine bread crumbs, ¼ teaspoon pepper and ½ tablespoon salt.

Peanut Brittle Trifle.

FINELY chop 6 or 8 marshmallows and combine with 1 cup cream, beaten stiff. Fold in 1 cup crushed peanut or pecan brittle. Chill.

Sour Cream Lemon Cake.

BEAT 2 eggs until light, adding 1 cup sugar gradually. Add 1 cup thick sour cream, 1 tablespoon lemon juice and the grated rind of ½ lemon. Mix and sift 2 cups flour, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon soda and 1½ teaspoons baking powder. Combine with first mixture. Turn into buttered and floured pans and bake about ½ hour in a moderately hot oven.

Welsh Rarebit.

MELT 1 tablespoon butter, add 1 tablespoon flour and blend well. Then add ½ cup milk and stir constantly until smooth and creamy. Add ½ pound thinly sliced cheese and stir over low heat until it is melted. Season with ¼ teaspoon salt, a few grains of pepper, and ½ teaspoon mustard. Serve on crackers or on small round of toast. Garnish with crisp parsley. Serve with crisp chiffonade salad and iced tea or coffee.

Around the World on $1.50

(Continued from Double Page)

moved to present me with one of his ebony-skinned daughters.

Friendship, however, was not one of the attributes of a band of Arab traders I met on the trail miles from the nearest village. The black-bearded boss of the party leaped from his horse the moment he was abreast of me. I felt his strong fingers about my throat and a sharp blow on the head. The world went black.

It must have been hours later that I came to. As my head had cleared I discovered that I was as naked as the day I was born and my body was blistered by the tropic sun. My knapsack, cleaned of its contents, lay on the trail beside me. With a great effort I tore the knapsack apart and draped it about my middle.

For three days I wandered aimlessly in the Valley of the Niger. I found neither food nor water and I was overcome by a great weariness. I dropped beside a tree covered with some curious fruit that looked like figs. I knew better than to eat of strange things, but I was so ravenously hungry that I picked a dozen of the fig-like objects and thrust them in my parched and swollen mouth.

Suddenly my whole body was one stinging pain and I screamed in agony. I felt myself sinking into blessed forgetfulness and, in my delirium, fig-like objects and I was in my bed at home. My mother was stroking my head and telling me that everything was going to be all right.

In flashes of consciousness I knew, however, that I was alone in the jungle, that night was falling, and that unless a miracle happened the dawn would find me a mangled skeleton, my flesh eaten away by wild beasts. But, thanks to whatever gods there be, it was not my destiny to meet Death in the African wilds. In the fading afternoon light I saw, through half-closed eyes, a swirl of dust far up the trail. I tried to shout and wave my arms, but I could not.

Some time later I sensed that someone was pouring water over my aching head and my sunburned body. I felt myself being lifted from the ground and rocked back and forth as though I were in a cradle. Gradually I figured out what was going on—I was riding on the back of a camel.

That camel, as it turned out, belonged to one of the kindest men I have ever known—an Abyssinian trader, who calls himself Sir Waldeau Tasfay. This nobleman washed and clothed me and carried me all the way to St. Louis, where he disposed of his goods and loaded his camels with more merchandise bound straight across the continent to his native country on the east coast.

Sir Waldeau spoke a curious mixture of French and English, which I was able to understand, and, bobbing along on the backs of our camels, we swapped yarns for more than three weeks. The caravan rested during the day, when the broiling sun made the jungle an inferno, and traveled from sundown to perhaps an hour after sunrise.

By the time our camel train padded into the market place of St. Louis I was restored to my usual health and spirits. Sir Waldeau insisted on making me a parting gift of another outfit of clothing and a handful of coins.

I never shall forget his farewell to me as his caravan pulled out of St. Louis for the long trek to Abyssinia. It was this:

"The cruelty of the jungle exceeds the curiosity and the courage of any one man. In the future, my friend, remember that."

(Continued Next Sunday.)

Don't put up with ugly, dull, spotted teeth and flabby gums. Change your tooth paste to one that really does something for you. Three days' trial will convince you.

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THE REAL DOINGS of real life characters—actual names of people and places—are given in the true stories printed in this and other issues of The American Weekly. That is why this magazine is different from other publications—more interesting.

Good Things That Are Not Much Trouble

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Old-Fashioned Potato Salad.

CUT cold boiled potatoes into small pieces. To 1 quart of the diced or sliced potatoes add 2 sifted or sliced hard cooked eggs. Season with a few drops onion juice and a little celery salt. Mix with 1 cup well seasoned cooked dressing. Let stand in ice box an hour before serving. Arrange on bed of crisp lettuce.

"Modernistic Potato Salad."

MIX 3 cups diced or sliced cold boiled potatoes with 1 diced cucumber, ½ cup thinly sliced radishes (without paring), 1 cup diced heart celery, 2 tablespoons onion juice and 1 cup well seasoned cooked dressing. Serve on crisp lettuce.

Eggs Benedict.

SPLIT and toast English muffins and dot with bits of salted or sweet butter. Place a thin piece of hot broiled or boiled ham above each half of muffin and a poached egg above this. Pour Hollandaise sauce over the egg. Garnish with crisp parsley and serve immediately.

Honey Salad Dressing (For Fruit Salad).

BEAT 3 egg yolks until light, add ⅔ cup honey, 1 tablespoon sugar and ¼ cup lemon juice. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly, until creamy and smooth. Chill thoroughly. Fold in ¾ cup whipped cream and serve immediately.

Hollandaise Sauce.

CREAM ½ cup butter. Add 2 egg yolks, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add ¼ teaspoon salt, a few grains pepper and ½ cup boiling water and cook over hot water, stirring constantly, until mixture thickens. Then add the juice of ½ lemon and remove from heat. Beat well.

Lemon-Orange Filling.

MIX 3 tablespoons flour with ½ cup sugar. Add 1 slightly beaten egg, the grated rind of 1 orange, ½ cup orange juice and 1 tablespoon lemon juice and 1 tablespoon butter. Cook for 10 minutes over hot water, stirring constantly. Cool before spreading.

Pressed Corned Beef With Vegetable Salad.

LET corned beef cool slightly in the water in which it has been cooked. Remove to a platter or board and cut into small cubes and mix the fat and lean. Put into a glass bread pan. Cover with a plate or other weight and let stand in ice box 24 hours. Be sure that your ice box is cold enough. An hour or two before serving time prepare a hard white cabbage by shredding in long thin pieces. Let stand in ice water a half hour, drain and roll in a clean towel. Place on ice until serving time. Arrange on a cold platter. Turn pressed corned beef out on the cabbage. Garnish with any desired combination of vegetables: cucumbers and tomatoes; boiled beets and string beans; asparagus and radish roses, etc. Serve with well seasoned French dressing.

Bran Date Bars.

MIX and sift 1 cup flour, ½ teaspoon salt and 2 teaspoons baking powder. Add 1½ cups sugar and 1 cup bran and mix well. Add 1½ cups chopped dates and ¾ cup chopped nuts. Beat 4 egg yolks until light, add 3 tablespoons milk and combine with the dry ingredients. Fold in 4 stiffly beaten egg whites. Turn into shallow greased baking pans and bake in a moderate oven, or at about 375 degrees F. When cool, cut in strips or squares and roll in granulated sugar.

Chicken Surprise.

CAREFULLY dress 1 large hen as for roasting. Cover the bottom of large saucepan with sliced bacon. On this place the chicken. Add 1 small onion, 1 carrot, 1 stalk celery, the heart, liver and gizzard of the chicken and a slice of sugar cured or smoked ham. Cover and cook until bacon is delicately browned. Add chicken stock, meat stock or water to half cover the chicken and bake in a slow oven until tender. Season to taste with salt and paprika. Just before serving add ¼ cup well seasoned tomato sauce and ½ cup cooked mushrooms.

Cottage Cheese and Vegetable Salad.

BEAT 1 pound cottage cheese until smooth, add ¾ cup thick cream and stir until smooth and creamy. Season to taste with salt and paprika. Thinly slice 1 dozen small radishes without paring. Pare and finely chop 1 tender cucumber and, if you like the flavor, ½ small green pepper (discarding seeds). Combine vegetables and mix lightly with the cheese. Turn into a bowl or mold and chill in ice box. Unmold on crisp lettuce or shredded cabbage and serve with or without French dressing.

Graham Cracker Pudding.

FINELY chop 1 pound dates and 1 pound marshmallows. Break 1 pound nut meats into small pieces. Roll 1½ dozen graham crackers fine. Beat 1 pint cream until stiff. Add to graham cracker crumbs, marshmallows, dates and nuts. Add 1 cup milk. Crush 6 graham crackers and spread on waxed paper. Spread the cream mixture on the paper, roll like a jelly roll and chill in icebox overnight. Slice and serve with whipped cream.

Rich Cheese Salad Dressing.

MIX ½ cup whipped cream and ½ cup mayonnaise and fold in ½ cup freshly grated American cheese. Add 1 or 2 finely chopped and drained pimientoes. The pimientoes may be omitted, if desired. Serve immediately.

Watercress Butter.

WASH and cream ½ cup butter. Add finely chopped watercress to taste and use as sandwich filling or on steamed or boiled potatoes.

Cream Salad Dressing.

MIX ½ teaspoon mustard, ½ teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon paprika. Add the yolks of 2 eggs and mix well. Add ½ cup vinegar and ½ cup butter. Set over hot water and stir until smooth and creamy. Remove from heat and add 1 well beaten egg white. Return to the hot water if necessary to set the egg. Beat the mixture constantly while over hot water. Chill and fold in ½ cup cream, beaten stiff. Serve on fruit salads.

American Weekly Patterns

Pattern 3153—THESE GAY MAMMY TOWELS MAKE DISHWASHING A PLEASURE. Done in cross-stitch, you'll find them as much fun to embroider as they are to use afterwards. There's one motif for each day of the week. Pattern 3153 contains seven motifs averaging 8x8 inches; embroidery directions; color suggestions; illustrations of all stitches needed and material requirements.

Pattern 3278—TWO "APRONS OF DISTINCTION" IN ONE PATTERN! Designed for sizes small, medium and large. Small size, braid-trimmed apron requires 1½ yards 36-inch fabric and 2¼ yards braid; untrimmed apron requires 1½ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3202 SHIRTMAKER FROCK LOOKS NEW AND CHIC WHEN FASHIONED OF SILK OR COTTON PRINT. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3280—LONG SLEEVE MAKES LATE SUMMER FROCK READY FOR FALL. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44. Size 16 requires 4¼ yards 39-inch fabric.

Pattern 3136—TRULY A "MOTHERS' HELPER" IS THE EASY-TO-HANDLE COAT FROCK. Designed for sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10. Size 4 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch fabric and ½ yard contrasting.

Pattern 3279 — TWO-PIECE FROCK A "CLASSIC" FOR CLASSROOM OR OFFICE. CHOOSE WOOLLY LOOKING COTTON! Designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3000—ELECTED FOR ITS VERSATILITY IS THE SMART THREE-PIECE JUMPER FROCK! Designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 16 requires 2¼ yards 54-inch fabric and 2 yards 39-inch contrasting for blouse.

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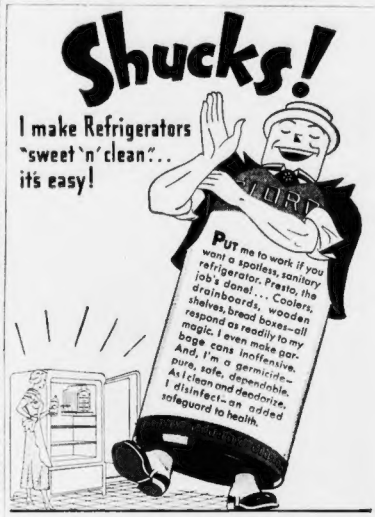
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YOU may think, because you use a cream or stick deodorant, that you are completely protected against the unpleasant possibilities of underarm perspiration. But before you dismiss the subject, give yourself this little test . . . tonight when you take off your dress, simply smell the fabric at the armhole.

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Not this . . . . .

Not this . . . . .

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